THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME.

In the Year of Our Lord "One" in the Olden Town of Bethlehem, When, "in the Beauty of the Lilies," Christ was Born Across the Sea."

How the Star of Salvation Stood Above the Stable Which Had Become the Lowly Palace of the King of Kings, and How the Proud Ones of the Earth Stood Rebuked by the Humility of the Son of God.

From that fatal day when our unhappy first parents were driven from the garden of Eden, the fond belief prevailed that in God's own good time, a Savior, born of a virgin, would come to redeem fallen humanity and open the gates of heaven for our fallen race. The earliest of the prophets of Israel spoke in obscure and figurative language of that wondrous portent; but as the time sped on its unerring course the prophecies became more distinct, until the poet seer, Isaias, sang: "Drop down, dew, ye Heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the Just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Savior." From the habitat of the almost unknown people, to whom the commandments were given amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, and to whom the prophets spoke, this sacred tradition went forth to the confines of the entire world. It appears distorted and deformed in the mysterious lore of Brahma, the paganism of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and by some unknown means it reached America ages before the Columbian discovery, and was found in the abstruse picture writings of the Astecs. Rome had passed through 750 years of war and conquest; the republic had passed away; Cæsar had fallen beneath the daggers of Cassius, Casca and Brutus at the base of Pompey's pillar; their power was annihilated, at Philippi, and the pacific Augustus reigned over the Roman world.

War was for a time at an end, universal peace prevailed and for the first time in many years the temple of Janus was closed. A spirit of brooding expectancy and unrest was felt all over the earth. The doctors of Judea, whose lives were spent in studying and expounding the ancient scriptures declared that the time of the coming of the Messiah, so long foretold, so long expected by kings, priests and prophets was at hand, even the scene of the marvelous event was pointed out in accordance with the predictions of old. Tradition says that the Roman sybils foretold the coming of the Lord. The sceptre had passed away from Judah, and the sacred land of Abraham, Isaac and Moses had long since fallen beneath the power of mighty Rome. In a poor little cottage in the town of Nazareth, in the mid watches of the night, sat a young virgin wrapped in meditation far beyond her years. Her face bore an expression of more than mortal sweetness, as if she already anticipated the sublime glory for which she was destined before the stars sang their first morning hymns on the morning of the creation. The roses of Sharon were not more fragrant, nor the lilies of the budding spring more sweet than her gracious presence; and yet so meek and humble was she that one would have passed her by, and thought her one of the least distinguished of all the lowly maidens of her native town. But it is from just such lowly ones that the great Jehovah finds his instruments to confound the proud and mighty of the earth. As the long dark hours passed away, and she continued absorbed in her Godly meditations, a mighty presence filled the little room in which she sat, the air became fragrant with Heavenly odors, and the deep darkness scintillated with gleams of heavenly light. Out of the radiance came a voice more musical than the trumpets of the high priests: "Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women."

Terrified by such a wondrous greeting and yet comforted by the ineffable loving kindness of the marvelous appearance, she began to wonder what this mysterious greeting might mean. Who was she a poor little Jewish maiden that such a salutation should be given to her? What had she done that such a favor as this should be conferred on her? She had heard in the teachings of the temple and in the traditions of her people, that God in the olden times had appeared in actual bodily presence to his chosen ones, but they were the great and holy patriarchs and kings and prophets, who had performed mighty actions in his name and in his service. From her earliest infancy she had been taught the histories of the great ones of Israel, of Abraham, the Father and founder of the Judean race, of Isaac and the twelve patriarchs, and Moses the deliverer, who led his exiled people from the wrath of Pharoah through the waters of the Red Sea, and then the song of Miriam came to her mind:

"Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horseman so splendid and brave,
How vain was his boasting the Lord has but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are dashed in the wave."

And she had heard of the great Captain Joshua, at whose command the sun stood still in the heavens until the enemies of God and Zion were vanquished, and of David, the minstrel king, who was created after God's own heart, and of Judith, the Jewish girl of the valley of Bethulia, who smote the drunken Holofernes in his tent and saved her people from destruction, and Judas Maccabeus, who defeated the Ammonites, the Macedonians and the Babylonians and raised Judea to the highest apex of greatness she had ever attained. But what was she beside those favorites of the great Jehovah? Oh, it must be some fond vision of the night which would vanish with the darkness. But again that celestial voice broke the silence: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Most High; the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father and he shall reign over the house of Jacob and of his kingdom there shall be no end." At this announcement the sweet modest virginity of the holy maid took alarm, and raising her eyes, like a timid fawn, from the ground she beheld the Herald of the Great Jehovah gazing upon her with unutterable reverence and holy love; in human form he seemed to be, but oh, how noble, how majestic, how beautiful he was. Almost fainting with wonder and surprise she spoke with a voice as low as a whispering zephyr. "How shall this be done because I know not man." And the angel answering said: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore, also the holy one who shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Hardly daring to believe, and yet feeling within herself that she really heard the command of the Most High, the "chosen vessel of election," humbly submitted her will to the immutable decree and murmured, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." And the decree of God was accomplished. No words, except those spoken by her Divine Son, have been more universally adopted by the meek, obedient followers of the Lamb of God, than these. When the first rays of the rising sun awake the world to life and activity, melodious bells in every church tower all around the globe, ring out the ever welcome Angelus, and hundreds of millions of faithful souls rising from sleep respond, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word." In the hurry and bustle and business of high noonday when men are all absorbed in the rush of wordly affairs, again the Angelus bells call on the busy worldlings to give a few moments to God, and Mary's answer to the angel is repeated. And yet again when

"The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in his flight."

Weary men turn homeward to seek repose and rest and peace. Hark to the evening bells.

"Ave Maria, o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee.

Ave Maria, blessed be the hour.
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves were stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of prayer;
Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of love;
Ave Maria, may our spirit dare
Look up to thee and to thy sons above.
Ave Maria, oh that face so fair—
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove.
What though 'tis but a pictured image—strike—
That painting is no idol—'tis too like.

In accordance with the will of God, yet utterly ignorant of his inscrutable designs, the Cæsar of Rome sent out a decree that all the world should be enrolled and that every man and woman should betake themselves to the cities or villages of their several tribes to record their names and families. Judea being a province of the empire was compelled, but very reluctantly, to obey. Even at this time, so long before the dispersion of the nation, Jews were scattered far and wide over the world and some of them had to travel great journeys. The roads for months were crowded with the people hurrying to their various destinations, the rich with horses, and camels, and sumptuous equipages; the poor on foot, toiling along as best they might. Deep murmurings and bitter threats were heard on every side against the foreign oppressors, to whom the liberty-loving Jews never bent willingly. There was much excuse for anger and "curses not loud but deep," as the men looked at the sufferings of their wives and little ones, exposed as they were to cold and hunger and long weary nights, but there was no help for them, and so onward they plodded, mile after mile, as if they never would have an end. On one of the roads leading to Bthlehem, in the midst of a turbulent, selfish crowd, each one of which was wrapped up in his or her own affairs, there toiled uncomplainingly along an aged man and his young wife (from Nazareth) who had not yet passed the years of girlhood. The man seemed to have no kind of care for himself, all his thoughts being wrapped up in his delicate companion. Although there was a racial resemblance between them and their rude countrymen, there the resemblance ceased. Even when exhausted and almost fainting a smile of sweet resignation played around the lips of the childish wife, as if her soul dwelt far above the sordid cares and weary toils of this troubled sphere. Sometimes she walked meekly amid the hurrying throng, neither seeming to see nor hear their moans and complaints; again, at a kind word or two from her ever attentive spouse she would mount the patient ass which was brought on the journey for her convenience, and so the short winter day wore on.

As the shades of night began to envelop the earth in darkness the long journey was coming to an end and the tired travelers hailed with shouts of joy the welcome sight of Bethlehem on the hill, the holy city of David, soon to be sanctified by an event beside which the glory of the minstrel king would "pale its ineffectual fires." Anticipating that the little town would be taxed to the utmost to furnish lodgings for such an unusual crowd of people, the impatient wayfarers hurried onward to secure the much desired rest. The strong and vigorous, heedless of everything but their own comfort, crowded past their more weak friends, among whom were the gentle pair we have noticed, but even then no murmur escaped their lips as they slowly moved on.

At length the town was reached, and the poor, lonely Nazarenes, last of all, sought shelter at the Kahns, were accommodations were provided for travelers, but in vain they sought; no shelter of any kind could be found. So, weary and dejected, they wandered through the strange, unknown streets, without meeting even one kindly face to cheer them in thier trouble. Augustus and his haughty Roman lords had their palaces of marble and gold, and were attended by troops of obedient servants, the kings of the earth were luxuriously housed, the priests and Pharisees of Judea dwelt in stately mansions and slept on beds of silk and down, the soldiers slumbered in their nightly camps, the peasants reposed in rude but warm huts, the poorest wanderer had some kind of shelter from the bitter winter blast, but for the Lily of Israel, the Queen of Angels, the Morning Star, the mother of our unborn God, no roof, however humble, could be found to afford a little rest and comfort. No gentle mother, yearning with love and pity, no gentle sister, no kind womanly heart, even, of a stranger, was near in the hour of her sad extremity to aid and comfort her. Finally, almost in despair, the aged Joseph found a dark, gloomy cave, which had long been used as a stable. In its miserable recesses the tender girl at last stretched her weak, shivering limbs on the damp rough ground; and there, in darkness, and cold, and squalid poverty, the design of the Almighty God for the redemption or sinful man was accomplished. On a bare lonely hillside, near the town which had been known for centuries as the City of David (but to be known hereafter, through all the ages of time and the countless aeons of eternity, as the City of Jesus), a few poor shepherds were keeping the night watches over their flocks. Worn and weary with the labors of the day, all lay wrapped in deep sleep, except the men whose duty it was to guard the flocks from danger, and they dozed heavily over the smouldering campfires. Amid the opaque darkness not a sound was heard but the deep bay of some watchful dog or the growl of a hungry wolf seeking his prey. Suddenly earth and air and sky are illuminated with such gleams of celestial light as never shone on the world since the Creation. It is not the sun, for his rays have long since sunk beneath the western waves, and pale Luna's silvery beams never shone with such brilliant radiance. All the glowing colors of the aurora borealis flashed and gleamed with such intollerable splendor that the terrified shepherds fell prone on their faces, unable to look on the marvelous light. Myriads of birds (as if the sun had risen at midnight) flooded the air with ther lovely matin songs, and beasts of prey slunk away to their dens, like evil spirits fleeing from the light of God's truth. Then from the vast vault of heaven burst forth such ecstatic strains of heavenly melody as never fell on human ears before and never will again. "Gloria! Gloria! Gloria! in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." Again and again the celestial music swelled on high, then sank in low, soft, trembling notes, and then arose in such thunderous diapasons, that the foundations of the lofty mountains trembled and vibrated with joyous rapture.

Oh! how wonderful and inscrutable are the ways of God! Kings and priests and nobles; the great, the learned, and the proud slept in utter ignorance of this mighty manifestation of the power and goodness of the Great I Am! and poor unknown, unlettered shepherds on this barren Judean hillside are the chosen few who are called out of their heavy dreamless sleep to hear the glad-some tidings. Strange, sweet voices come descending from the sky, and the wondering shepherds heard an angelic voice say "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." Trembling, wondering, and afraid, the shepherds, with that heroic faith which moves mountains, leaving their flocks behind them, hastened to Bethlehem, and as the angel had told them, they found Mary, and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And seeing they understood of the word that had been spoken to them, concerning the child. And all they that heard wondered at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them. Wonderful as the appearance of the angels to the shepherds was, a yet more wonderful event soon followed. Three wise men, as they are called in scripture in widely-separated countries, at the same time saw a star hanging low in the heavens, and all unknown to each other, but guided by inspiration from on high, they followed it for hundreds of miles, firmly believing that it would guide them to the very spot where the new-born Savior lay in a manger. By a miracle as great as the appearance of the star, they met and recognized each other and proceeded in company until they arrived safely at Bethlehem, resting by day and traveling by night, guided by the blessed star. There the star stopped right over the stable where Mary had brought forth her first-born son and called His name Jesus.

And cradled there in scented hay
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child who would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His Mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest;
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet,
The gold was the tribute to a king;
The frank incense with its odor sweet
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the bodies burying.

And the Mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of a royal line and of David's throne.

Two thousand years have passed away since that first blessed Christmas morn. Rome, then in the zenith of her power and splendor, after dyeing her garments crimson in the blood of God's saints in frantic efforts to maintain idolatry and exterminate Christianity, was trampled into the earth beneath the rugged feet of the barbarians of the North, and is now only known to the student of history. Republics, empires and kingdoms have risen, flourished and disappeared like meteors in the sky. Conquerors, like destroying angels, have sacrificed millions of human lives and left broad trails of devastation behind them, and sank in seas of blood. Schisms and heresies, with errors as numerous as the minds of their deluded votaries, have fretted their brief unprofitable hour on the stage and vanished forever. All those events, which seemed so important in their day, were mere incidents in the history of the Church. But the glorious Christmas festival, beginning in the stable of Bethlehem, is now celebrated from pole to pole with ever-increasing fervor and devotion. From where the Vicegerent of the Eternal God offers up the spotless victim beneath

"The dome, the vast and wondrous dome
To which Diana's marvel was a cell,"

to the poorest adobe chapel in the Rocky Mountains, from the icebergs of the frozen north to the orange groves of the regions of the Southern Cross, priests and prelates, with vestments of silk, golden croziers, jeweled mitres, and swinging censors, surrounded by countless millions of the ever faithful children of the Infallible Church, gather in spirit around the crib of Bethlehem and adore the infant God with as loving hearts as if He had just blessed His Immaculate Mother with His first beatific smile, while the air was yet ringing with the glorious strains of the angelic melody "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

A. L. M.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

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FINN M'COOL.

The Legendary Champion of the Fenians of Ancient Erin—Their Captain and Their Virtual Sovereign.

Standish O'Grady's New Volume Throws Fresh Light on the Story of the Famous Giant, Whose Prowess Once Held the Irish in Submission and the Rest of Mankind in Wholesome Awe.

(Copyright, 1897, by M. J. Murphy.)

Standish O'Grady deserves lasting honor, as one of the pioneers of the Irish Revival. For years he has worked, almost unrecognized, almost alone, and wholly without adequate reward, gathering together a rich treasure from the old days of Ireland's past; in his bardic "History of Ireland," his "Cuchulain," "Finn and His Companions," and many other books full of magnificent things, which are destined to become a rich mine for Irish writers in the days to come.

Hardly any one has felt more keenly than Standish O'Grady the tragedy of Irish authorship and the numberless disheartening impediments and disappointments when an Irishman and Nationalist is compelled to write for an audience neither Irish, nor National. It has been reproached to him that there are, in his books, two elements, the one true to the writer, the other true to the reader, and that they are sometimes as opposite as the voices of Patrick and Ossian, in the old traditions of the bards; but the true Irish soul comes out in him, large and heroic, when he gets away from the strifes and difficulties of the present, to the great days of old, among the mighty companions

"At Eman, 'neath the beech trees, on each side
Finn, Conan, Oscar, many more——"

It is among that company he takes us, abruptly turning back from the modern world, in his story of the heroic warrior and captain whom he has called "Fianna Eireen."

Finn was at this time a babe in his cradle, and was saved from the exterminating policy of the Clanna Morna by two heroines, who hurray him away to the forests on the slopes of the Slieve Bloom mountains. There reappears his mother, who chants a lullaby over his cradle, of which, at least, one verse is preserved; but, fearing that her presence would insure his destruction, departs. Here, Finn, celebrated afterwards as a hunter as much as a warrior, makes his first quarry, shooting a duck upon a pond, and returning to his protectors with the bird and her brood of nine ducklings. Pursued thither by the trackers of the Clanna Basna, he is sent to the forest of the Galtees, where he is tutored by a society of poets, hiding, probably, from the wrath of the Clanna Morna, like himself. Subsequently he is found in one of those lake-fortresses which form so conspicuous a feature in the history of the country, and the remnants of which, when discovered, are now termed crannoges.

We find him next in military service with the King of Bantry, where he signalized his prowess in various ways. Departing thence, he passed through the modern county of Tipperary, slaying a wild boar on the mountain which lies between the town of Tipperary and the beautiful valley of the Galtees, through which flows the river Aherlow. Passing through the middle of Ireland, he crosses the Shannon into Connaught and reveals himself to some ancient Fians, adherents of his father, who, being outlawed, dwelt in a rude forest booth, and supported themselves by fishing and hunting.

After this he wreaks his first vengeance upon the Clanna Morna in a style in which the peculiar, grotesque, indescribable flavor of the Ossianic literature strongly appears. Meeting youths of Clanna Morna swimming in the Liffey and enjoying themselves merrily, Finn, still a boy, joins in their sport and drowns them.

The education which he subsequently enjoined on his warriors, he himself underwent. On the bank of the Boyne he submitted himself for seven years to the instruction of an aged bard, Finn-Eges. The perfect education which he here received is symbolized in the myth that he caught the Salmon of Knowledge in that pool upon the Boyne which lies below Slane Hill and was called Linn Fecc; that his tutor always required him to serve up to him such salmon as he might catch, but, that the boy having inadvertently touched the broiling salmon with his thumb, a certain mysterious knowledge was communicated to it, of which he became aware whenever he put his thumb to his mouth. It may be supposed that this story is too rude and uncouth for narration, but it is told in a very ancient composition. However Finn's education was accomplished, a poem ascribed to him, and believed to have been composed at this time and place, shows that the great captain of the Fians was very far from being a mere pretender to poetry. It was then, says the ancient historian, that he made the following poem, to prove his poetry. The various metres which Finn studied and excelled in are also described in this history. The poem which I quote is written in language so ancient, that O'Donovan, who supplies the translation, remarks upon its extreme antiquity. Yet the idea seems modern. They are in truth, such as in no time are out of date. They would seem to indicate in Irish civilization a phase comparable to that which in Greece produced the lyric poets of the age of Alcaeus, exhibiting the same simplicity and purity of phase, the same tenderness and love of beauty, the same delight in the ever-new freshness of nature:

"May-day, delightful time! How beauful the color;
The black-birds sing their full lay. Would that Laeg was here!
The cuckoos sing in constant strains. How welcome is the noble
Brilliance of the seasons ever! on the margin of the branchy woods
The summer swallows skim the streams. The swift horses seek the pool.
The heather spreads out her long hair. The weak fair bog-down grows.
Sudden consternation attacks the signs; the planets, in their courses running, exert an influence;
The sea is lulled to rest, flowers cover the earth.'

The metre is anapestic, as the first line shows:

Cettemain: cain ree: ro sair: an cutch:

The exact method of the resurrection of the Clanna Basna I cannot explain, but am inclined to think that there was at this time no Clanna Basna to be revived, they having been exterminated by the Clanna Morna. In one of the tales, Finn himself says, that small was his consideration and power in Erin, until his valiant sons had grown up around him. We may conclude then that it was not until after middle life that the period of Finn's greatness set in, and after Cormac MacArt began to reign in Tara. But however he may have progressed, at all events he finally consolidated such a military power around him, that he found himself in a position to wage war with the Clanna Morna. These he conquered into submission, so that he was elected to "the Fian captainship of Fail," a position, be it remembered, perfectly distinct from that of the Ard-Rieship of Fail. Finn, though he dominated all Ireland, is never once, even in the wildest and most popular tales, described as the King of Erin. He is simply captain of a great military organization, bound apparently by the rules of their order not, to interfere with or arrogate to themselves the royal authority. They constituted an "imperium in imperio," with the inevitable result of gradually reducing the Kings of Tara to a very subordinate and ignoble position.

Of Finn's youth we do not know so much. In the great mass of the Ossianic literature Finn has reached the fulness of his power and fame, ruling with a familiar and easy sway his thousands of warriors, dispensing a lavish hospitality in his great palace at the Hill of Allen, the renowned Ossian ever by his side, with many sons and grandsons all devoted to him, quartering his troops over Ireland, and chasing the wild-boar and the deer without let or stay, for his game-laws embraced all Ireland, and woe to prince, peasant or king who trespassed upon his preserves. Finn and his mighty men followed the chase on foot, deeming it a mere trifle to hunt three counties in a day. Most of the adventures of Finn and his men are connected with these hunting expeditions.

The great power of the Fenian organization is shown in the following excerpt:

"There is," replied a Fenian queen, to one inquiring, who alleged that, when last in Erin Finn was of no account in the land, "a cantred in every province, a townland in every cantred, and a house in every townland which belongs to Finn; and he is likewise entitled to have a hound or a wolf-dog whelp reared in every house in Ireland. He is privileged to quarter the seven standing battalions of the Fians of Eire, together with their followers and attendants, wolf-dogs and hounds, upon the people, from the 1st of November to the 1st of May, and they are at liberty to enjoy the sports of hunting and fishing, and to use all ripe and edible fruits from the 1st of May to the first of November. And no one dares to give any woman in Eire to any man whatsoever in marriage without asking whether there be among the Fians of Eire one desiring to marry her; and if there be, to him she is given.

"No person dares to take any salmon, fawn or smaller game, even though he found them dead on his path on the end of every ridge, except a person belonging to the ranks of the Fianna Eireen, in consequence of the strict subjection in which Finn retains the country. Were any person in Ireland to kill a stag, he must give an ox instead, a milch cow for a fawn, and a sheep for one of the smaller game, except that person happens to be one of the Fians of Eire.

"These are all the benefits enjoyed by Finn from the monarch of Eire of which I am aware, but there are others."

She also adds that there were but four who could give precise information on the subject, Goll mac Morna, Ossian, Coelte and Lewy Lama.

It is quite in keeping with the great genial character of Finn, into whose palace all the hosts of the earth might enter and there feast, that he should not be aware of all his privileges.

The freshness of wood and mountain, "the smell of the field which the Lord hath blest," pervade most of this literature. A single quotation will express what I mean, and show the essential difference between this literature and that which revolves around Cuchulain.

Finn and his trusty attendant Dering, after a hard day's hunting, look around for a place to rest. Finn apologizes for his drowsiness by alleging that he rose early that day,

"And that is an early rising," he added, "when you cannot see the sky between your five fingers, nor distinguish the leaves of the oak from those of the beech tree."

VIEWS OF CHANDLER.

New Hampshire Statesman Says Gage's Programme Must Be Shelved.

OR THERE'LL BE OLD NICK TO PAY.

Present Congress Much More Likely to Issue More Greenbacks Than to Retire What There Is, and to Order the Payment of Bonds in "Silver or Gold" and Command the President to Prefer Silver, He Says—A Prediction.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Senator Chandler has written a letter to the Washington Post in which he says: "If the secretary of the treasury and his single gold standard associates will cease their demand for impossible currency legislation congress will pass the necessary appropriation bills, probably take care of Hawaii and Cuba, there will not be a serious party division during the session, and there will be an adjournment in May. Business will revive, the treasury receipts will equal the expenditures, the balance of trade wil continue in our favor, and the Reupblican party will be November, 1898, elect a majority of the house in the Fifty-fifth congress.

Otherwise There Will Be Trouble.

"On the other hand, if Secretary Gage continues to press upon congress a bill the object of which he says is 'first to commit the country more thoroughly to the gold standard,' and the immediate effect of which is to throw doubts upon the sincerity of the president's declarations in favor of continued efforts to secure bimetallism, a political turmoil will arise in congress which will split the now united Republicans into fragments, while it wil unite and consolidate the now incongruous opposition.

More Instead of No Greenbacks.

"It is not feasible to retire the greenbacks; there is more probability that a bill will be sent to the president to increase their amount. It is ont possible to secure the passage through either house of a bill making the greenbacks into gold notes or authorizing bonds payable in gold. The effect to do either thing will probably result in the passage of a bill for the redemption of the greenbacks in silver dollars, and for the payment of all United States bonds in gold or silver coin, in the discretion of the president, who will be commanded to exercise his option for the advantage of the government and not for the advantage of creditors.

Makes Some Dire Predictions.

"With such an uproar in congress as these proceedings will create, with western congressmen embroiled therein; with presidential vetoes, as threatened by Secretary Gage, under angry discussion, it will happen that all business enterprises and funds and stocks will be disturbed, prices will fall, insolvencies will increase, and the Republicans will lose the congressional elections in 1898 as disastrously as they did in 1890, and beyond the hope of a favorable reaction in 1900 at which time, therefore, a Bryan Democratic president and congress will be chosen.

Says It Is Time to Keep Still.

"Whether we are to have one of these results—political safety, or the other—political destruction—depends entirely upon the course to be pursued by Secretary Gage and those who are pressing him forward, namely, the Gold Standard League of New York and the self-constituted National Monetary Conference. How much Secretary Gage cares for the Republican party is not known. Whether President McKinley, whose good faith toward bimetallism is coming to the test, will stop his secretary in his insane career is not known. It is to be hoped he will. But no political situation has been clearer than the present to sound eyes since the Republican party began its marvelous career forty-two years ago. There are times for all things. There is a time to move and a time to keep still, and now is the time to so keep."

THAT CHARGE AGAINST GIDEON.

Accused Man Says It Is a Lie, and That He Courts Investigation.

Washington, Dec. 20.—F. M. Gideon, the clerk of the general land office who was referred to by Thomas Reddington in his testimony before the senate Pacific railroad committee Saturday as having changed the land office records so as to throw 5,000,000 acres of government land to the Southern Pacific railroad, has made a clear denial of the charge. Gideon is a resident of Washington, and at his home, 1734 Fifteenth street, made the following statement: "The story told by Mr. Reddington is absurd, ridiculous and unqualifiedly false and without foundation or color of truth. The records of the land office will vindicate me, but I will insist upon the most thorough investigation, and stand ready at all times to answer any and all questions so far as my connection with the Southern Pacific lands or my connection with the land office are concerned. I court the fullest inquiry into the matter." Gideon was appointed to the land office from Kokomo, Ind., in 1883 and was in charge of the division of adjustment of land grants.

Upon leaving the land office he was employed by the Southern Pacific as an attorney before the interior department, remaining in its employ until December, 1894. Reddington's charge was that a clerk in the general land office named Gideon had in 1892 taken the office records to his apartments and kept them for two days, changing them so as to insure an increase of several million acres in the land grants. After this transaction Gideon had resigned, and the witness could not say what had become of him. He said that $53,000 had been paid for the change of the records. Reddington was unable to give the committee the residences of witnesses, but he said that if placed in charge of the investigation he could get the facts. He thought that such an investigation as he would make would cost the government about $20,000.

Some Official Christmas Gifts.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The president sent a long list of nominations to the senate Saturday, among which were the following: William P. Williams, assistant treasurer at Chicago; William Penn Nixon, collector of customs for the district of Chicago; Archibald A. Young, surveyor of customs for the port of Indianapolis; John C. Ames, marshal of the United States for the northern district of Illinois. To be United States consuls: Chester W. Martin, of Michigan, at Amherstburg, Ont.; John A. Barnes, of Illinois, at Cologne, Germany; John G. Ingersoll of Illinois, at Copenhagen, Denmark; Julian Phelps, of Iowa, at Crefeld, Germany; Edward C. Cramer, of Wisconsin, at Florence, Italy; Charles B. Harris, of Indiana, at Nagasaki, Japan; James Franklin Darnell of Indiana, at Nogales, Mex.; Frank W. Mahin, of Iowa, at Reichenberg, Bohemia.

Congress Has All the Facts.

Washington, Dec. 20.—In answer to a senate resolution adopted at the extra session the secretary of state has submitted a great mass of documentary information collected by United States ministers abroad as to postal telegraphs, postal telephones and savings banks in foreign countries. The reports are in all of the European languages and are all from official sources comprising a most complete history of the development of the various government agencies and the plan of operation in each country.

Brief of Congressional Doings.

Washington, Dec. 20. — The senate Saturday passed a bill adding $12,500 to the cost of the government buildings at the Omaha exposition and taking the same amount from the cost of the government exhibit. The conference committe reported an agreement on the Klondike relief bill and the bill was passed. A number of requests on the departments for papers was adopted. An executive session was held and the senate adjourned to Jan. 5, 1898.

Except to adopt the conference report on the Klondike relief bill the house devoted Saturday to eulogies on the late Representative Cooke, of Chicago. Adjourned to Jan. 5, 1898.

Reform of the Naturalization Law.

Washington, Dec. 20.—A proposition is being discussed to make a thorough reform of the naturalization laws on the lines of the immigration educational test bill. That measure has been favorably reported by the house immigration committee and will be taken up in the house after the holidays.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON HESING.

Heart Disease Suddenly Carries Off the Chicago Ex-Postmaster.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—Washington Hesing, proprietor of the Illinois Stats Zeitung, and postmaster of Chicago during the last term of President Cleveland, died suddenly yesterday afternoon of heart disease at his home in Michigan avenue. During the afternoon he was down town and attended to several business matters, returning to his residence shortly after 3 o'clock. Mrs. Hesing at the time was out shopping. A few minutes after 4 the servant girl went to Hesing's room on an errand. When she entered he was breathing heavily apparently asleep, and the girl went out as softly as possible, in order to avoid rousing him. From that time until 5 o'clock when Mrs. Hesing returned, he was alone in the room. His wife noticed at once upon entering the room that he was very ill, and quickly summoned assistance, but by the time medical aid was at hand Hesing was dead. The physicians declared that he had died of heart disease, and said that in all probability they could not have saved him had they reached him before life was extinct.

WASHINGTON HESING.

Washington Hesing was an Ohioan; was born at Cincinnati, May. 14, 1849. He was the son of Anton C. Hesing and Louise L. Hesing. Up to 1861 young Hesing attended the city schools at Chicago, his father having removed to this city in 1854. In 1866 he entered Yale and was graduated with a degree. The year following his graduation he entered the University of Berlin on a special course. In 1872 he began active work on The Staats Zeitung, of which his father was proprietor, and in a few years became the managing editor of the paper. From the time of his connection with the paper Hesing took an active interest in politics, and was a Republican until about 1880, when he became a Democrat, tried twice to reach the Chicago mayoralty and failed and was postmaster of the city from 1894 to 1897.

What Iowa Raised This Year.

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 20.—The director of the Iowa crop service has issued his statement of products for 1897. The principal items are as follows: Wheat, 14,600,000 bu., valued Dec. 1 at $10,813,000; Corn, 239,500,000 bu., valued at $40,700,000; oats, 122,000,000 bu., valued at $21,000,000; barley, 14,000,000, valued at $3,250,000; cultivated hay, 3,365,000 tons, valued at $15,000,000; wild hay, 2,000,000 tons, $7,000,000; potatoes, 10,000,000 bu., valued valued at $4,500,000; flaxseed, 2,400,000 bu., valued at $2,200,000. The total of all crops is given at $151,084,069, at prices which prevailed Dec. 1. By feeding and otherwise converting the raw products it is estimated that from 30 to 50 per cent. is added to their value, placing the total final value of the soil crops of Iowa at $200,000,000.

Had "Shoved the Queer" at Chicago.

Fort Scott, Kan., Dec. 20.—Walter Snyder, under arrest here for larceny, confessed to United States Commissioner Mosher that he had escaped from jail in Chicago about Sept. 1. He was under arrest there for counterfeiting, and in his confession he stated that he had spent 600 counterfeit dollars in South Chicago, and that he knew where 3,300 more such coins were hidden.

He Mixed Up His Mind as Well.

Mascoutah, Ills., Dec. 20.—Frederick Schneider, a well-known citizen of Belleville, has been taken to the asylumn, having been declared insane in the St. Clair county court. Schneider mixed up his family relations in a nice tangle some time ago by marrying his stepmother.

Strong Earthquake Shocks.

Rome, Dec. 20. — Strong earthquake shocks lasting twelve seconds were felt at 8:30 a. m. Saturday at Curta di Castello, province of Perugia, central Italy. The walls of houses split, many chimneys fell, the bells rang and a panic prevailed among the inhabitants.

FIRE IN RICH GOODS.

Mermod & Jaccard, the Big Jewelry Firm at St. Louis, Burned Out.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE ENGINEER.

He and His Wife Borne Unconscious Down the Fire Escape by the Firemen—Loss, $335,000, Fully Covered by Insurance—Firm to Begin Business Again at Once, Having Bought Out Another Establishment—Another Blaze at Grand Forks.

St. Louis, Dec. 20.—A fire started in the basement of the building occupied by the Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry company at the corner of Locust street and Broadway early yesterday morning and in an almost incredibly short time the five-story building was completely gutted. The total loss will reach $335,000, fully covered by insurance. The fire had been burning some time before it was discovered at 4:10 o'clock and at 5 o'clock the south wall and all the floors began falling, making one of the fiercest and quickest fires in the annals of this city. Next to the boiler room in the basement was a room used for packing. It is thought the fire started in the boiler room, communicating to the packing room and shooting up the elevator shaft quickly spread over the building.

Engineer Had a Narrow Escape.

W. A. Rutledge, the engineer, and his family lived on the fourth floor. They barely escaped with their lives. The firemen dragged them unconscious from their beds and carried them down the fire escape. Five minutes later the floors fell. Several other tenants in the building had narrow escapes, but there were no fatalities. The Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry company was one of the largest in the world, and this being Christmas season it carried an immense stock. One-half of the stock had been placed in the two large vaults and saved, but the rest, as well as the building and its fixtures, was totally destroyed. The firm carried insurance amounting to $400,000 which, if the stock in the vaults is found intact, will amply cover the loss sustained.

Preparing to Resume Business.

The Model Cloak company, in the northeast corner of the building, was wiped out, sustaining a loss of $50,000, on which there is an insurance of three-fourths. At 7 a. m. yesterday the stockholders of Mermod & Jaccard held a meeting and considered arrrangements for opening temporary quarters. Late last night the burned-out firm decided to continue in business and today will take possession of the store and stock of another leading jeweler of the city, which it has bought. The firm that goes out of business is that of A. Kurtzeborn & Sons.

Salvage Corps Worked Well.

The Mermod-Jaccard Co. occupied but two floors and the basement of the structure. On the fifth floor were the repair shops. A large amount of the repair work had been finished and most of it was saved by the salvage corps. The corps also saved a dozen or more grandfather clocks, ranging in value from $500 to $1,800 each, and many old Vienna cases and valuable pieces of pottery. The silverware melted by the heat will be found under the debris of fallen timbers. In the first floor, left out of the vaults, were clocks, silverware, china, art pottery, cut glassware and other articles, all of which will be a total loss. There were over forty tenants in the building whose losses range from $500 to $4,000, partly insured.

GRAND FORKS SCORCHED AGAIN.

Fire That Threatened To Be Worse Than the One Last Week.

Grand Forks, N. D., Dec. 20.—The business portion of the city was threatened by another fire last night which would have been more destructive than that of Friday, when the Hotel Dacotah, the Mercantile company and Nash Brothers' buildings were burned. Shortly after 6 o'clock smoke was seen issuing from the first floor of the big department store of Benner & Begg, and in less than fifteen minutes the building was in flames and the fire had crept into the Stanchfield clothing house and the H. A. Stone Jewelry store, in buildings adjoining. After three hours' work the fire was subdued. The damage to the building and stock of Benner and Begg will be $55,000. Losses to the other firms will be small.

MRS. LEASE TO RUN FOR CONGRESS.

Will Try to Beat Jerry Simpson in the District Convention.

Great Bend, Kan., Dec. 20.—In a letter to friends here Mrs. Elizabeth Lease states that her lecture engagements are not as profitable as she expected and announces that she expects to return to Kansas and begin an active canvass for the Populist nomination for congress in the Seventh district. The fight against Jerry Simpson, she says, will prevent his renomination and it is her hope to eventually secure a majority of the votes in the convention.

Mrs. Lease expects to be opposed by the Democrats, but she says that if nominated she will hold meetings in every precinct in the district and "give the people of the Seventh a repetition of the campaign of 1890, when we first elected Jerry."

Dreadful Accident to a Baby.

English, Ind., Dec. 20.—The infant daughter of Professor James R. Lyons, of St. Croix, was probably fatally burned by falling against a hot stove. Mrs. Lyons left the child sitting in a high chair, tied to prevent falling, while she went to milk the cow. When she returned she found the chair pitched forward, with the child's face against the hot stove, badly burned and the child unconscious.

Not a Crime to Drink Beer.

Mascoutah, Ills., Dec. 20.—The good people of Belleville, the majority of whom are Germans, or of German descent, have decided by popular vote that they do not want their children taught that beer drinking is a very bad thing. The last state legislature passed an act ordering in substance that the effects of drinking alcohol and beer be taught the school children of the state.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The city council of Eureka, Ills., has passed an ordinance forbidding the sale or public use of cigarettes.

Dr. Allie M. Day has been appointed over several men applicants to the position of physician and surgeon at the county hospital and asylum by the commissioners of Lake county, Ind.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to be a strict disciplinarian with her children, and a firm believer in the Froebel system of education.

Joseph Schelbley was instantly killed at his home in Bloomington, Ills., by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

General Dabney H. Maury, the oldest surviving Confederate officer in Virgina, has applied to the state legislature for a pension.

The county supervisors at Waukegan, Ills., offer a bounty of 4 cents a head on crows.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's medical library it to be sold at auction in London.

Wilbur Sanders has suddenly disappeared from Shelbyville, Ind. Two forged notes for $25 each have turne up. Sanders holds a township office.

Dr. Daniel Freeman, who was the first man to locate under the homestead act, is still living on the plot of ground he claimed in Gage county, Neb., at that time.

David Mittank, a farmer was found dead in the woods near Marion, Ind. The coroner's verdict was death from natural causes.

In Morehouse parish, Ark., William Wilkins, a young planter, was struck by his brother, Jasper Wilkins, the blow causing death in six hours.

Robert Peel, a grandson of Sir Robert Peel, is a student in Boone's academy in Berkeley, Cal.

About $1,500 worth of clothing stolen from Stapleton's store at Cridersville, O., was found secreted in a school house.

Jefferson Davis was sentenced at Jeffersonville, Ind., to the state's prison for assault and battery with intent to kill.

Charles Miller fell from the railroad bridge at Dubuque, Ia., and striking the ice below was instantly killed.

Mrs. Louisa Spicer dropped dead at Kenosha, Wis., while sweeping.

Isaac Bradford, who was accused of embezzlement, pleaded guilty at Marion, Ind., and was sentenced to the penitentiary.

J. Otis Andreas & Sons, wholesale grocers at South Bend, Ind., have failed. The assets will more than pay the debts.

Street Railway System Sold.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 18.—The Lincoln street railway system, comprising forty miles of track, power-house and equipment was sold under foreclosure and was bid in by first and second mortgage bondholders, represented by the New York Security and Trust company and the New York Guarantee and Indemnity company. The actual buyers were M. L. Scudder of New York and William Belcher of New London, Conn., the price paid being $80,500, subject to paying taxes of not less than $40,000. The system was originally bonded for something over a million.

Insane Man Scalded to Death.

Medfield, Mass., Dec. 18.—A shocking tragedy took place in the insane asylum here two weeks ago, and the public has until now been kept in ignorance of the occurrence. W. W. Spearing of Boston, a helpless patient, was put in the bath tub on the evening of Nov. 30. The attendant, F. O. Hill, says he turned the water on from both faucets. Something else engaged his attention. Five minutes later he found the water almost boiling and called for help. Twenty-four hours later Spearing died.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Dec. 18.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 95¾c, closed 99c; January, opened 94c, closed 94½c; May, opened 91⅞c, closed 92½c. Corn—December, opened 26¾c, closed 26⅝c; May, opened 29c, closed 29¼c. Oats—December, opened 21¼c, closed 21⅝c; January, opened 22⅜c, closed 22⅝c. Pork—December, opened nominal, closed $7.65; May, opened $8.85, closed $8.85. Lard—December, opened nominal, closed $4.42½.

Following were the quotations on the Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; fresh packing stock, 13c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per doz. Dressed poultry—Turkeys, 9@12c per lb; chickens, 5½@6½c; ducks, 5@8c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 50@60c per bu. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 18.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000. Sales ranged at $2.95@3.50 for pigs, $3.25@3.55 for light, $3.25@3.30 for rough packing, $3.40@3.55 for mixed and $3.35@3.55 for heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 300. Quotations ranged at $5.00@5.50 for choice to extra steers, $4.50@5.00 good to choice do., $4.40@4.85 fair to good, $3.75@4.40 common to medium do., $3.70@4.20 butchers' steers, $3.00@3.75 stockers, $3.60@4.15 feeders, $1.90@3.80 cows, $2.60@4.50 heifers, $2.25@4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.00@4.15 Texas steers, and $3.50@6.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 2,000. Quotations ranged at $3 60@4.60 westerns, $3.10@4.80 natives, and $4.30@6.25 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 18.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—Receipts 4 cars; nothing doing, feeling steady. Hogs—Receipts, 55 cars; market opened stronger, generally $3.60, closing $3.55@3.57½, all grades. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 30 cars; market steady; sheep and lambs stronger; top lambs, $6.10@6.15.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, Dec. 18.

Wheat—Higher; No. 2 red cash elevator, 98½c; track, 99c@$1.00; December, 95⅝c; January, 96¼c; May, 95¼c; July, 80¾c; No. 2 hard cash, 86c. Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash, 25½c; December, 24⅝c; January, 24½c; May, 27½c. Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash elevator, 21½c; track, 22½c; December, 21½c; May, 22¾c; No. 2 white, 25c. Rye—Firm; 45½c.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Dec. 18.

Wheat—No. 1 northern, 92c; No. 2 spring, 87c; May, 93¾c. Corn—Quiet; No. 3, 25½c. Oats—Quiet; Firm; No. 2 white, 23½@23¾c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1, 41½c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Dec. 18.

Wheat—Cash white, 93c; red, 93c asked; December, 93c asked; May, 92c

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WILD SCENE IN COURT.

Verdict of the Jury Is Followed by Threats.

JUROR SAYS HE WAS COERCED.

Women Wring Their Hands and Weep Hysterically While Angry Men Set Up a Cry of Discrimination Against the Irish—The Verdict Finds Two Men Guilty of Falsifying Election Returns Last April—State's Representative Fears Violence.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—Judge Chetlain's court room was a scene of wild disorder when the verdict in the election fraud cases, which convicted J. J. Hanrahan and Patrick Ferris and acquitted Albert Purvis, was read. Women wrung their hands and wept hysterically, and angry men sent up a cry of discrimination against the Irish. Hanrahan and Ferris were judges of the election held April 6 in the Fifteenth precinct of the Seventeenth ward, and Purvis was a clerk. Making false returns and permitting erasures on the tally sheets was the charge upon which they were arraigned, and by the evidence it was shown Purvis did not handle the ballots, but merely wrote down the numbers as they were called by the judges.

Six Ballots Taken.

During the three hours the jury was out six ballots were taken. Juror Silas A. Hunt, who wept at the pathetic appeals of Attorney Donahue, held out firmly against conviction, and said when he came into court he had signed the verdict against his will. Friends of the convicted men crowded about him and asked him how he happened to sign the manuscript. "I was forced into it," he said.

Upon this statement he was seized by two men, who took him before the court and exclaimed: "Here's a man who says he was forced into signing that verdict."

"But you signed it, did you not?" queried Judge Chetlain.

"Yes," replied Hunt.

"Then I am powerless," Judge Chetlain said, and the matter was taken up by Assistant State's Attorney Barnes, who prosecuted the case.

"This matter of alleged coercion can be brought up when a motion for a new trial is argued," Mr. Barnes said.

Threatened with Violence.

Then the angry crowd turned on the young assistant and shouted: "We'll lay for you; we'll fix you."

Fearing violence might be attempted, Judge Chetlain ordered the court room cleared by bailiffs. Friends of Mr. Barnes would not allow him to venture from the criminal court building alone and two officers were secured to see him safely to a south side car.

Mrs. J. J. Hanrahan, wife of one of the convicted men, has haunted the court room since the first trial began before Judge Waterman. She wept, wrung her hands, and screamed when the verdict was read. Finally she retired to the state's attorney's office, and kneeling in the outer corridor prayed fervently for the deliverance of her husband. Mrs. Purvis, mother of Defendant Albert Purvis, shook the hands of the jurors and thanked them for the acquittal of her boy. She kissed her son tenderly and the two left the building together.

NEW YORK'S "400."

Ward McAllister Cut It to 150 and Now It Is To Be Only 75.

New York, Dec. 18.—The burden of a rumor that is stirring the domain called society is that Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane have constituted themselves the joint successors of the late Ward McAllister and are engaged in the delicate duty of blue penciling his famous list of eligibles.

Ward McAllister fenced in an inclosure which would accommodate 400 and not one more. In later life he contracted the boundaries, so that only 150 could be sheltered inside, while the remainder were permitted to look over the fence. Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane are more arbitrary than the arbiter who has passed away. To be specific, these two matrons are organizing a series of dances to take place during January, the invitation list to which will only include seventy-five.

Beatty Tries to Break Jail.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Dec. 18.—Bold but unsuccessful plans to escape from jail were made by T. Charles Beatty, the once prominent Chicago lawyer, former supreme secretary of the A. P. A., and ex-principal of Coldwater, Mich., schools. A member of the family of Sheriff Learn overheard a talk between Beatty and his jail companion, Harry Howard, and upon investigation letters were found that were written in jail by Beatty to Howard. The latter afterwards confessed the plot to District Attorney John B. Williams. The plot to escape was to have Mrs. Howard visit the jail with saws.

PARDEE HALL IS IN RUINS.

One of the Finest Buildings of Lafayette College Wiped Out by Fire.

Easton, Pa., Dec. 18.—Pardee hall, the magnificest four-story stone structure that stood on the brow of College hill, this city, and was the pride of Lafayette college, was badly damaged by fire early in the morning. Only the east wing was saved from the flames. The center of the structure and the entire west wing were swept and only the blackened walls are left standing. Besides the damage to the building thousands of dollars' worth of valuable property belonging to profesors at the college were destroyed by the flames. A heavy portion falls on J. Madison Porter, professor of civil and topographical engineering. His machinery, instruments, etc., were valued at $15,000, on which there was no insurance.

Mr. T. C. Porter's botanical collection, probably the finest in the United States, was also destroyed. The Ward library, consisting of 10,000 volumes of valuable books, is in the ruins along with a valuable museum of minerals and birds. The fire was discovered at 5 o'clock in the morning, but it had evidently been burning a long time. The flames raged so fiercely and spread so rapidly, aided by a stiff wind from the west, that for three hours the work of the firemen was of no avail. Then aid came from Phillipsburg, N. J. The students succeeded in carrying from the building many valuable instruments, books, experimental plants, etc. The fire originated in the biological laboratory.

DID NOT DROWN HIMSELF.

Insurance Companies Find a Man Thought to Have Killed Himself.

Cleveland, Dec. 18.—George Rollins left his home at Adrian, Mich., and went to Toledo, O., last September to look for work. One day he hired a boat to go swimming. Later the boat was found floating on the Maumee river, empty save for his clothing. His wife and friends gave him up for dead and the Ancient Order of United Workmen and the Modern Woodmen, prepared to pay over $5,000 of life insurance.

Recently a letter was received from "George Wilson," and dated at Cleveland, saying the writer was a friend of Rollins and asking whether his family was in need. This aroused suspicion and Sheriff Ferguson of Adrian came to Cleveland and located "Wilson" in the Marine hospital by means of a decoy letter. The officer visited "Wilson" and found him to be Rollins. The latter had been sailing on the lakes and was slightly ill. Sheriff Ferguson, not having a warrant did not arrest him. Early in the morning Rollins left the hospital and has not been seen since.

CLOSE CALL FOR DOLPHIN.

Dispatch Boat Narrowly Escapes Destruction by Fire.

New York, Dec. 18.—Through the quick action of Midshipman Graham and a number of men from the battleship Iowa the dispatch boat Dolphin was saved from being destroyed by fire. As it was considerable damage was done to the interior of the vessel. The Dolphin has been out of commission for some time. She is now in the Stone dry docks at the Brooklyn navy yard undergoing repairs and alterations of an extensive character.

A number of men from the bureau of construction and repairs and the steam engineering department have been at work on the vessel. It was through the carelessness of one of these men in leaving a lighted lamp in the engineer's storeroom that the fire started. A quantity of the ship's stores were left on board the vessel when she was put out of command. Some of these stores were partially destroyed, as was the woodwork in the lockers and some of the bulkheads.

Charged with Embezzling $183,000.

Cleveland, Dec. 18.—John J. Shipherd, one of the most prominent investment brokers in Cleveland, was placed on trial before Justice Bauder on the charge of embezzlement of $183,000 of bonds of the Fort Wayne Consolidated Railroad company from Frank De Hass Robison, president of the Cleveland Base Ball company. The arrest of Mr. Shipherd and the bringing of civil suits against him by Mr. Robison a few weeks ago, caused revelations which threw the financial men of Cleveland into a state of considerable excitement. A committee of bankers is now trying to untangle Mr. Shipherd's affairs.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

OIL ON THE WATERS.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASES.

"Well, this has been what I call a Christmas!" said Ben Habberton, with a great sigh of content as he threw himself into an easy chair in the great guest chamber that was his for the time and stretched his feet out toward the cheery log fire.

"Now, I imagine," he went on, talking to himself in a light hearted way, "that a few days of this kind of life

"OH, MY SON! HOW COULD YOU DO IT?"

would tempt even me to give up knocking about the world and settle down, as they all want me to. By George, I have a notion to do it. Mother says that granddad wants somebody to look after the estate, and if he could only trust me he would be glad to have me do it.

"Confound it all, that's what sticks in my crop. Nobody ever trusted me so far as I know, and I never would explain anything, no matter how suspicious the circumstances might be. So I always got blamed for everything. Hanged if I don't think that even mother used to think I took all the cream that any of the cats stole.

"Foolish, of course, to run away and go to sea, but what could a fellow do when he is always getting into scrapes and is too proud to deny anything even when he isn't guilty? Well, I've seen half a dozen years of life and had a good fling out of it, but I don't remember that I ever did anything to be ashamed of. Hello! Who's there? Come in, the door isn't locked. Why, mother, is it you? Crying? What on earth is the matter?"

Springing to his feet, he took the poor little lady in his arms and placed her carefully in the big chair. Then pulling a stool forward he sat on it at her feet, and laying his head in her lap said: "There, mother. Do you remember, this is the way I used to sit when I was a little fellow? Now tell me all about it. What has happened?"

But she only sobbed the harder for a time, and at length when she could command her voice she cried out passionately, "Oh, my son, my son, how could you do it?"

The curly head was lifted instantly, and the handsome, boyish face grew sullen and hard. Recklessness and pride were Habberton family traits, and Ben, though a younger son, was a true Habberton.

So he said nothing, knowing that he would hear more presently, and he did, for soon his mother talked on weakly and, if she had only known it, foolishly: "You know your grandfather always suspected you of being wild, and after you went to sea he always said you'd come to some bad end, and I had hard work to get him to ask you here for Christmas, but after you came he liked you ever so much. He would not have asked you to sit with him this afternoon if he hadn't, and even when he dropped asleep and you left the room he wasn't angry. He said of course you wanted to be with the young folks. But how could you take that money? You ought to have asked me if you needed any. I know you said you had come back as poor as you went away, but I did not think you needed it right away. I can return it to your grandfather, of course, but he is so angry that he says he will have you arrested in the morning, and I do believe, Ben, that he would have made you his heir. How could you do it, Ben?"

Ben had grown very white, and his fists were clinched tightly when his mother paused, but he said quietly:

"So you and granddad have discovered that I am a thief, have you? How did y find it out?"

Why, he had $500 in bills in his writing desk. It seems he saw it there just before you went to his room, and there was no one else there up to the time he missed it."

"So he says I stole it, does he?"

"Don't use such words, Ben. Of course you didn't mean it for stealing, but I am afraid he will have you arrested—and think of the disgrace! Why didn't you ask me for money, Ben?"

It was something like an imprecation that the young sailor muttered under

"HE IS GONE."

his breath as he rose to his feet and walked up and down the room for a few moments. But no word more of any kind could his mother get from him until she had exhausted herself with weeping and pleading. Then he led her to her room, and, kissing her tenderly, bade her good night.

Going back to his own room, he resumed his reverie. "Well," he thought, "I had a merry Christmas, for it's after 12 o'clock. And now for the old life. Cowardly, folks would call it, I suppose, to run away with a charge like that over my head, but I don't think it is. If I stay, the old man will surely make a row in the morning and there will be a great scandal. If I go, he will be too proud to make the scandal for nothing. He will call $500 a cheap price to get rid of good for nothing me, and that will be the end of it. Poor mother thinks I'm guilty, too, but they won't tell anybody else for shame's sake, and if they can't trust me let them think what they will.

"Five hundred dollars," he muttered, with a nasty sort of laugh, under his breath. "That's rather a small sum to turn thief for, but I wish I had a hundredth part of it just to get grub till I strike another job. I could get it from mother easily enough, but I'd rather go hungry than take it from her, thinking what she does.

"But it's best for me to go. I would not care so much about if it weren't for Alice. Perhaps that's best too. I don't know whether she would care. Probably I never will know now, so here goes."

And opening his window carefully and noiselessly he swung himself out on a huge vine that clung to the side of the house, and, lowering himself hand over hand, he was soon on the ground. It was only five miles to town, and he was there long before daybreak.

Now Alice was a certain wide eyed, clear witted, young second cousin of this headstrong youth. They had never met till three days before, but great things are done in three days when Cupid lurks around old fashioned country houses where the mistletoe is used among the decorations, and Ben was very much mistaken in thinking she wouldn't care. She would and she did.

Being quick witted, Alice was also impulsive, and sometimes it was well that she was so. On the morning after Christmas she passed old Mr. Habberton's door very early on her way down stairs and was greatly surprised to hear angry words inside. As the door was open she entered.

"I tell you he stole the money, and I shall send for the police," stormed the old man, and Ben's mother, who had been pleading for mercy, gave up the struggle. "I would have sent last night if it hadn't been Christmas."

"Why, who has been stealing, Uncle Ralph?" asked Alice.

Even in his anger the old man paused. It seemed a cruel thing to accuse one of

"IT'LL BE A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AFTER ALL!" HE EXCLAIMED.

his own kin, but the case was too clear. "That young rascal, Ben!" he exclaimed and told the story of the money.

Then Alice had occasion, if never before, to be thankful for her quickness. "I don't think Ben looks like a thief," she said, "but, uncle, you say you saw the money in your desk just before he came in."

"I certainly did," said Mr. Habberton.

"But are you sure you left it there?" asked the girl.

The old man looked at her in surprise Then one emotion chased another across his rugged features until presently he sank back in his chair with an expression of great disgust at himself.

"I'm surely getting old," he exclaimed. "I put it in the safe and forgot that I had done so. Don't let anybody tell Ben that I suspected him."

"But I told him last night," said his mother.

"Then go quickly and tell him to come here till I apologize. You have all of you been too ready to accuse that boy all his life."

This seemed rather hard to Alice, who had certainly never accused Ben of anything, but that wise young woman held her tongue while Mrs. Habberton hurried out of the room.

In a few moments she returned, exclaiming, "He is gone!"

* * * * * * *

Lighthouse 34 was situated about half a mile from the mainland on the point of a reef that lay irregularly parallel to the shore, leaving plenty of clear water between. The coast was rocky, and the light was maintained as a warning, for a vessel that should approach too near was liable to be dashed to pieces on hidden rocks anywhere within a mile or two.

The lighthouse keeper had a helper, so that usually there were two men on guard at 34, but leave of absence for one of them was obtainable at times, and it happened a year after Ben Habberton had left his grandfather's house that the keeper had gone to spend a few days with his family at Christmas time, and Ben, who was the helper, was alone on the reef.

Long after midnight Christmas morning that impetuous youth sat up in the lighthouse tower, gazing out at the furious storm that raged and meditating by no means pleasantly on the events of the year.

"I shall go melancholy mad if I stay here long," he thought. "It is no life for a young man, and I wish mother

hadn't asked me not to go to sea again. I was a fool to make her even that half promise not to. Well, she knows where I am by this time, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said I must leave here and look for something on shore. This is neither land nor sea.

"I wonder what granddad thinks and how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is hasty—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea, and watching as only a sailor can watch he soon saw another.

"It is certainly a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that'll be hard work against this gale. If she's one of these coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 5,000 of her driving in behind without striking."

It was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those on board, for as he looked rocket after rocket went up in vain appeal, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the tragedy that seemed inevitable. He thought of the little boat below, but it was a hopeless thought. Twenty men could not have launched her from the rocks in the breakers that were dashing up, and no one man could have rowed her a rod if she had been afloat. All he could do was to sit and watch. He could see the ship now from time to time as she rose and fell on the waves, but every time she sank from sight he thought must surely be the last. He knew the cruel rocks that lay below the surface.

No earthly pilot cold have guided her among those rocks to the lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout like a crazy man, and, rushing down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big pannikin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a hogshead, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the pannikin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and the Alice. In both their faces he saw w he looked for, and then he answere

"It'll be a merry Christmas after granddad," he exclaimed with a h laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTI

AN IMPOSING RITUAL

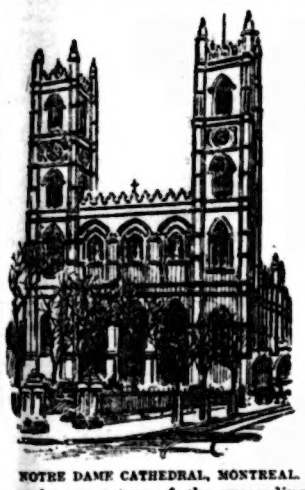
CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Where the Day Is More of a Holy Day Than a Holiday and Where Gifts to the Little Folk Are Not Credited to Santa Claus.

Jean Baptiste Leblanc of lower Canada has this advantage over his cousins in the rest of the Dominion, that his Christmas celebrations are not confined to one day, but are divided between that great holiday and New Year's. Then again he has the further advantage of an early start, for while the English folk are still sleeping snugly in their warm beds he is out attending mass at church or cathedral. Indeed it may be said with truth that Christmas among the French Canadians is more of a holy day than a holiday, as it constitutes one of the four great church festivals of the year.

The celebration of the day begins at midnight on Christmas eve, when, summoned by the chimes of the bells, all good Catholics who can manage it crowd to the sacred edifices, which are appropriately adorned for the occasion, and there take part in an elaborate service lasting nearly two hours. The splendor of this service, of course, varies according to the equipment and facilities of the establishment, being comparatively simple in the remote country churches, while in the large edifices it becomes a superb religious function.

The midnight mass in Notre Dame church or St. James' cathedral, Montreal, celebrated as it is before congregations of many thousand people, is perhaps the most imposing and awe inspiring religious ritual to be witnessed upon this continent. The musical features of these services always receive careful attention, with the result that the whole proceeding is made so interesting as to attract large numbers of Protestants who are willing to forego the comforts of sleep in order that they



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

may be spectators of the proceedings. To what extent this is the case may be judged from the fact that for the midnight mass in the Jesuits' church of Montreal, where the music is always of an exceptionally high order. Those not having the right to a seat in the church may obtain one by payment of a fee, and these seats may be reserved in advance, just as they may be for the theater or the opera.

Nor is this the only important religious function of the day. In many places there is also an evening service, where again the proceedings are very elaborate and ornate and the music very beautiful. Since the advent of electricity and its wonderful adaptation to purposes of ornament there has been added to this vesper service in Notre Dame ch[urch] a novel and striking feature in [the] hidden illumination of the great [edifice] Just when darkness has enshrouded vast edifice by means of innumer[able] ectric bulbs cunningly concealed intricate and florid carvings the altar front is instantaneously ill[umi]ted, producing an effect which be adequately described in words. he rural districts the midnight service, if not so sumptuous in its appointments, is indubitably more picturesque, for there, as the hour approaches, one sees the great stone church that dominates the parish lit like a vast lantern, and stretching from it on either hand the homes of the habitants, each one doing its little best in loyal imitation. Hardly have the big bells in the tower begun to ring out their clear call upon the crisp cold air than the little bells on the horses' necks send back tinkling responses as one after another the carioles appear upon the road and speed swiftly toward the church.

The houses are awake and ablaze all night, for when the long service at last comes to an end the congregation does not go quietly home, but breaks up into little groups, usually consisting of family circles, that with chattering and laughter hasten indoor to enjoy the bountiful supper which is the reward of their piety and at which by immemorial custom doughnuts and potted head form the pieces de resistance. These family gatherings are perhaps the cheeriest of all the year. The strangeness of the hour, the sense of satisfaction at having done their duty as good Catholics, the inspiration, no doubt, gathered from the service they have just attended and the fact that the day already broken into is to be given up to pleasuring to the full extent of their ability, all these influences not only combine to put everybody into the best of humor, but to produce an exultation of spirits that drives all care and worry into temporary oblivion.

For those who are very piously disposed this midnight mass by no means completes the religious programme of the day, for if they so choose they may again attend high mass at 10 o'clock, vespers at 2 o'clock and benediction at 7 o'clock, thus practically spending the day in the church.

Not many, however, are so devout as all this, and the majority of the men go in for a good time, according to their taste, whether it be to gather at the tavern and play cards and checkers, or to regale one another with well worn stories garnished with tobacco and eau de vie, or to engage in horse racing, shooting matches and similar sports.

As I have already stated, Jean Baptiste divides his Christmas. By this I mean that two important features of the festival as celebrated by English people on the 25th day of December are reserved by the French for the 1st day of January—namely, the giving of presents and indulgence in especially good fare.

With regard to the giving of presents, in which the French take just as much delight as the English, it is interesting to note that these etrennes, as they are called, are by the little folk credited not to Santa Claus, but to le petit Jesu and are perhaps all the more enjoyed on that account.

As to the culinary characteristics of the day, my readers may perhaps be interested in a list of dishes, some or all of which may be found upon every French Canadian dinner table on this occasion. They are: Pain doré (toast with egg), pate aux patates (potato pie), poulet sauce blanche (chicken with white sauce), tourtieres (meat pie), graisse de roti (fresh pork grease), cochon an lait (sucking pig), paleron (roast of fresh pork—shoulder) and tarte aux snelles (pie made of haws).

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

The Boar's Head.

Aside from its religious observance and signification Christmas has always been a time of feasting and jollification. This temperament has descended to us from the days of the old Germanic and Scandinavian nations, when the time was set aside for rejoicing and pleasure prior to the Christian era, but even as late as the seventeenth century in England and throughout continental Europe the delights of the table were paramount. With our forefathers a soused boar's head was borne to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity as the first dish on Christmas day. In the book of "Christmasse Carolles," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, are the words sung at this auspicious moment:

The bore's head in hande bring I
With garlandes gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merrely—
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's head I understande
Is the chefe servyce in this lande,
Loke wherever it be fande.
Servite cum cantico.

Chaucer alludes to this custom in the following passage of the "Franklein's Tale:"

James sitteth by the fire with double berd,
And he drinketh of his bugle horne the wine.
Before him standeth the braune of the tusked swine.

The Same Old Christmas.

A description two centuries ago of the festivities of Christmas shows little variation from present customs:

"Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early, the beef and pudding are noble, the mince pies peculiar, the nuts half playthings and half eatables, the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at, the cakes indestructible, the wassail bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladies, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Toward bedtime you hear of elder wine and not seldom of punch. Girls, though they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe."

Christmas Greens.

In olden times holly was used only to deck the inside of houses at Christmas, while ivy was used not only as a vintner's sign, but also among the evergreens at funerals. For formerly "the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel and mistletoe."

There are thousands of quaint old verses that could be quoted in praise of the rosemary, laurel and mistletoe. A love of nature, her fruits and flowers, her roses and vines with their mystic significance seems to have been a predominant trait among those who gathered at the Yuletide.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The Duty of Charity and the Nobility of Self Sacrifice—How Art Has Paid Its Tribute to the Nativity.

It was the distinctive glory of Christ's evangel not that it introduced a new code of morals or of social ethics, but rather that it emphasized the force and broadened the scope of those existing and gave them higher sanctions and infinitely greater importance from being exemplified in the perfect life of Christ himself. There were people who had been just, true and God fearing before Moses brought down the tables of the law from Mount Sinai, and men acted the role of the good Samaritan, animated by the purest benevolence, thousands of years before Christ taught by precept and example the duty of charity and the nobility of self sacrifice. Even the sermon on the mount only presented in concrete form rules of conduct which regulated the lives of many in all ages, not with the force of law, of which there might be none, but as a result of self originated conviction and feeling.

Love in Christ's code of ethics was both the soul and body, the animating principle, as well as the performing agent. It was no longer be true, kind and pure because it is a duty so to be, but be all that because you love to be so. No mere formal acquiescence or compliance will meet the requirements of this new presentation of the moral law. It demands absolute obedience, but as the outcome of love, not as the result of authority or the claims of duty.

Has the Christian church (assigning to this term its widest and most comprehensive meaning) ever come within measurable distance of realizing the exalted Christ ideal? Yes, possibly, in the apostolic age and for a short time subsequent, but it would be absurd to claim that the Christian churches of today, great as is their influence for good, are animated by the spirit of the early Christians or inspired by that divine enthusiasm which made each one of them a center of light and largely transformed society throughout the known world within a century after the birth of Christ.

We are now like Moses on Mount Nebo—we see the promised land, but it is still in the dim distance, and we are apparently getting no nearer to its haven of rest—but how soon would the prospect change were the gospel of love and humanity, preached and lived by Christ, to become a distinctive feature of our civilization instead of the materialistic and selfish motives which largely sway modern life and determine conduct!

The Saviour was born under the humblest possible circumstances, as if to show how low in the estimation of God are all the pomp and magnificence of that wealth and power which men prize so highly. His Virgin mother was poor, his foster father was a mechanic, and he himself dignified labor by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Christ was emphatically the Saviour of the poor, and those who bear his name best show the sincerity of their professions by imitating him in his loving kindness and benevolence. Charity is a duty incumbent upon Christians at all times, but even the most humane will feel prompted to be kinder and more sympathetic while celebrating the advent of one who displayed during his whole lifetime upon earth a divine compassion and pity for the poor and the suffering.

Not the least of the lessons taught us by the birth of Christ is not to despise the humblest or be hopeless of the most depraved of that species so honored by Deity that he came and took its form and assumed its nature with all its imperfections. However low in the scale of being persons may be, there is a spark of the divine in them still, a trace of that promethean fire breathed into man by the source of all life and all consciousness which constituted him a living soul.

The story of the advent and of its climax—that amazing act of self sacrifice—has been the solace of the weary and heavy laden in all the intervening centuries. The song of the angel choristers chanted over the lowly place of his birth, conveying heaven's message of deliverance for man, has sounded throughout the centuries, like an undertone of hope, above the discords of life and the mutterings of despair.

Philip James Bailey in "Festus" writes:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The stupendous mystery of the advent and the perfect life that followed it made it possible for mankind to attain the high state of perfection so beautifully illustrated by the poet. Precepts were not wanting before, but henceforth there was a perfect life as a model for all ages.

Doubtless all events, however impossible it may be to perceive their trend, contribute to

That faroff divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves.

The poets have sung of that day, philosophers have written of it from the earliest times and optimists think they see its near approach, but it must be confessed that the signs of its coming are not promising. Education and culture, art and science, while they may prepare the way for it, are at best only subsidiary. That day will never dawn until human society is permeated by that spirit of love and unselfishness which characterized the life of Christ.

NEIL MACDONALD.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. R. H. Sothern.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Heart of Maryland.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Henry E. Dixey's N. Y season's sensation

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Wizard of the Nile."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

STAND BY YOUR PAPERS.

The power of the press has forced acknowledgement from kings and kaisers. No dictator has ever lived since the rise of journalism who has not found it good policy to avail himself of the tremendous power of the newspaper. For good or evil it is an engine of wondrous force. It can be the mainstay of a people's liberty, or it can be the hired brave of the despot, or the paid advocate of corruption. The power is recognized by civilized man, and no project can be floated, no enterprise undertaken, no successful national or political movement can be inaugurated, that is not sustained by the newspaper. There is not a fraternal organization worthy of note that has not one or more organs devoted to its particular objects. There is no line of business that has not its technical journal. In fact there is no fad, good, bad or indifferent, that does not publish a newspaper devoted to is peculiar "ism." The Scandinavian, the Frenchman, the Bohemian, the Pole, the German, and every other national family in the big hostelry of Uncle Sam, have a national organ, devoted to the national aspirations of its constituents. All these newspapers, of every class and character, receive a generous support, because whatever cause they advocate is sustained by men who back their professions by their deeds. The Irish race alone is backward in supporting a press devoted exclusively to their national affairs. It is not because the Irish are less generous than other races, but because, perhaps, they are less thoughtful. The average Irishman is a lover of Irish liberty, and a hater of English misrule and of English treachery, because his love for the one and his hate for the other are inherent in his blood. He cannot help himself. But he does not stop to think how he can make that love and hate effective, and so he marches from cradle to grave carrying within him a force that has rarely been utilized to elevate his countrymen and overthrow his enemies.

He knows, or he fancies that somebody is directing a national movement that meets the approval of his national sentiment, and he is ready to do his share when called on. But he is never called on, because anything that becomes everybody's business is nobody's business. Here is where the necessity of a good national journal comes in. It makes everybody's business its own special business, and keeps close watch upon it. When enemies attack the character and good name of the Irish people, the Irish national journalist steps into the breach and gives blow for blow in their defense. When wrong and injustice are inflicted upon men because they are Irishmen, the Irish national journalist exposes the wrong and forces its rectification in proportion to the influence of his paper, and that influence depends on the support of his constituents.

When a movement is inaugurated to help the Irish cause in any tangible way, the Irish newspaper becomes its advocate, and pushes the good work along. The editor thinks when others sleep, he preaches when others are silent, he works for Ireland while others devote all their energies to their private interests. And these others are glad that some one has kept the flag flying, that some one was on guard, that some one had time to devote to the cause, time which circumstances prevented them from giving. The Irish national journalist is approved, his actions are endorsed, and his compatriots are pleased and satisfied with him. Then it is not too much to expect that his efforts should not be allowed to go unrewarded. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a scriptural injunction, very applicable to the case of the Irish national journal. It is money well invested, because, as we have said, the influence of an Irish national journal depends upon the strength of its constituency, and that influence reacts upon its patrons and the cause they have at heart.

Every Irishman who is in earnest in his devotion to the Irish cause should make it a religious duty to generously support an Irish national paper; he should deny himself some luxuries, if necessary, to fulfill that duty. The Irish movement in America must absolutely have an Irish national press to support it. That argument is self-evident. THE CITIZEN has braved the storms of nearly twenty years in defense of Irish national liberty; it has seen the rise and fall of brave and intelligent colleagues, while yet it holds the fort. It appeals, then, for Irish national support, as a veteran of long and tried service, and as we are nearing the close of the present year, we trust that with the opening of 1898 and the re-awakening of Irish national sentiment every Irish man and woman, who can afford it, will recognize it as a duty to enroll his or her name as a subscriber and supporter of THE CHICAGO CITIZEN. We think also that we have adduced sufficient argument to persuade our many good friends, who, in the multiplicity of business affairs, have overlooked their past due subscriptions, that it is a good time to remember their obligations, and having promptly paid up, feel they are in a condition to accept the message of "peace and goodwill to men."

PRESIDENT MAHONEY WINS A WHEEL.

The Fanning Cycle Manufacturing Company, No. 194 South Clinton street, donated a magnificent high grade wheel to the Irish Fair. A friendly contest was organized immediately by the friends of Mr. M. J. Moloney, a prominent lawyer of this city, and Mr. John J. Mahoney, President of THE CHICAGO CITIZEN CO., and the gentlemen named were forced to run "for the good of the cause." Mr. Moloney's supporters made a gallant fight and a brave showing, but, at the closing of the polls Mr. Mahoney was found to be the victor, and nobody congratulated him more heartily than his chivalrous rival, Mr. Moloney. As Mr. Mahoney is already a wheel expert, his friends claim that he will ride across the waves next year, astride his prize, to Ireland, thus "breaking all previous records."

THE UNHAPPY SITUATION IN IRELAND.

The news from Ireland is not cheerful in this holiday season. There is no doubt that a very large portion of the Irish people are confronted with distress in its direst form, and that an urgent appeal for aid both to the miserable Anglo-Irish political machine, called "the government," and the world at large is impending. This, considering all the circumstances, is exasperating, because if English statesmen were in the slightest degree honest, they would, at once, appropriate the money necessary for relief out of the unjust surplus of taxation—$12,500,000 yearly—wrung from Ireland without shame or remorse, under the operation of the "Union" fiscal system. We have received a letter from a venerable priest in Ireland in which he says that never in their history were the Irish people placed in so pitiable a position as at the present time. Their parliamentary leaders, so-called, are mainly devoting themselves to the prosecution of their factious quarrels, seemingly regardless of the deplorable condition of their people.

We observe that there is some talk of an agreement between the respective factions of the Irish party in regard to voting against the English Liberals if the latter should exclude "Home Rule" from their programme. May we ask, what good would such a plank in the Liberal platform be, even were it adopted? The nations remember the fate of the last Home Rule bill, which, after having been passed half heartedly by the house of commons, was overwhelmingly rejected by the house of lords. It cannot be denied that the English people do not consider the Irish parliamentarians sincere in their desire for Home Rule in view of their broken up ranks and general demoralization. That kind of a measure, if won at all, must be won by a thoroughly united Ireland, and by leaders entirely devoted to making the struggle one for life or death between the two great English parties. The fact of the matter is this: If Ireland will persist, in spite of her disappointments, in the parliamentary policy, she must have a new set of men to steer her bark of state over the stormy waves of English popular opposition. The "old parliamentary hands" have the experience, but they have not the enthusiasm, or the morale, necessary to the leaders of a desperate cause. They are saturated with the political malaria of the English house of commons and are quite incapable of extraordinary exertion. New men would have no factions to heal, and, from their number, another and stronger Parnell might be evolved. Dillon, Healy or Redmond can never unite the Irish people. They have been too long embroiled with each other and with each other's followers. They cannot rise to the demands of the existing situation and should gracefully retire. If they don't do this, then their constituents should compel them to do so ungracefully. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and Ireland's is a desperate case. Ring out, coming on the New Year, the old factionists. Ring in the new patriots.

THE RECENT IRISH FAIR.

The great Irish Fair, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of this county and city, came to a conclusion at midnight on Saturday, with a brilliant reception and ball at which nearly all the leading people of the Irish race in this city were present. As the balance has not yet been struck, it is impossible, at present, to say how much the Fair realized for the inception of the projected Emmet Memorial hall in this city. The attendance was large throughout, but the admission fee was so small that the profits from that source could not have been very great. Prize contests, raffles, sales and other matters contributed to swell the receipts, but when the expenses are deducted, we very much doubt if the total surplus will equal even the lowest estimate of the daily newspapers. But, in point of attendance, decorum and dignified enthusiasm, the Fair was a pronounced success. State President Keating, County President Henely and the officers and members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in general, are to be congratulated on the successful result of a very onerous undertaking. The Memorial Hall will surely come, but the work of constructing it must be undertaken systematically. A good start has been made, and the Hibernians are a body of men, and women, too, remarkable for carrying to a successful conclusion every enterprise they undertake.

STOP THIS FACTIONISM.

We have always believed and taught the doctrine that the cause of Irish national liberty can never be advanced by parliamentary agitation. The lessons of history and the experience of our own time unite in proving that it is at once useless and illogical to make the floor of an alien legislature the battle-ground of Irish independence. The entire history of parliamentary agitation is a ghastly record of piteous and unavailing protests from a perishing people against their systematic murder and extermination by a powerful, unscrupulous and relentless enemy. While the Irish nation has been rapidly hurrying to an impending dissolution, its parliamentary representatives have been permitted to share in the debates, from out of which has been evolved the legislation which has destroyed their country. Under the ægis of the vaunted British constitution, and in the interest of that British empire, of which the Irish members delight to claim that Ireland is an integral part, the Irish people are being slowly, but surely and remorselessly, crowded to their death. But antagonistic views cannot alter established facts, and it is on the lines of parliamentary agitation that the battle for Irish freedom is now being fought. The methods of the men of action have, for the time being, been laid aside. The Irish sea, God's eternal decree of separation between Ireland and England, is being bridged by the "Union of hearts," and the mealy-mouthed Irish sycophant meets the oleaginous British Pecksniff in fraternal embrace. The fate of the Irish nation is no longer dependent on the brave hearts who believed that

Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man.

Before the whole world, the Irish member of parliament is today the champion of Irish rights. To him the Irish nation has confided its destiny, to him the people look for the redress of their grievances. However, therefore, men may differ as to the wisdom of parliamentary agitation, few will dispute the fact, that, under existing circumstances, a grave responsibility is placed upon the shoulders of the Irish member of parliament. He is bound by every law of God and man, and by the promptings of conscience, to place the interests of the people he represents above all private feeling and personal prejudice—to place the interests of his country above the demands of faction. The man who subordinates the duty he owes to his country to personal friendships or factious jealousies is the enemy of his people, and should be treated as such. We are sorry to be forced to the conviction that such men are only too numerous in the ranks of the Irish members of parliament. The disunion and the discordant wrangling, jangling and slangwhanging of the Irish members of parliament are an abomination. If they cannot place laurels upon the brows of Ireland, they should not be permitted to cover her head with shame, and the voice of the whole Irish race should be heard in severest condemnation of their puerile and senseless factionism.

Each factional leader defends his position by claiming that it is the rival leaders who are in the wrong, and that the difference is not personal but based on principle. While they had no difficulty in whittling down the principle of Irish nationality to the dimensions of a mere question in British domestic politics, to accommodate British sentiment, a difference between West British tweedledum and West British tweedledee is now the alleged cause of quarrel between Ireland's reputed leaders. For this the good name and character of the Irish people have been brought into disrepute, and an alleged proneness to internal strife, thus apparently exemplified, is being everywhere adduced as a proof of Irish incapacity for self-government. This factionism must be stopped at any cost. There is not a spot of the habitable globe where an Irish community exists to which it has not brought grief and shame to every lover of Irish liberty, while the injury it has inflicted upon the national cause is almost irreparable.

IRELAND'S CONDITION.

The present condition and future outlook of Ireland appeal most strongly to every lover of humanity. Ireland today affords the melancholy spectacle of a nation hastening to extinction. Nero, we are told, fiddled while Rome was burning, but the men in Ireland who are supposed to be the political guides of the nation, seem as indifferent as the Roman Cæsar to the destruction going on around them. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the population of Ireland was about half of that of England and Wales and more than three times greater than that of Scotland, and bore the proportion of forty per cent. to the whole population of the United Kingdom. Today Ireland's population has fallen to less than one-sixth of that of England, is only 360,000 greater than that of Scotland, and from forty has fallen to less than twelve per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom. During the present British queen's reign England's population has increased fifty-two per cent., Scotland's thirty-seven per cent., while Ireland has lost forty-four per cent.

It used to be said, and is still a favorite argument with Englishmen, that Ireland was overpopulated. In Victoria's reign England has increased her population by nearly 15,000,000, while her acreage under cultivation has been reduced by 750,000 acres. Scotland has increased 1,570,000 souls, and has also increased her cultivation by 120,000 acres. Ireland, on the contrary, shows the enormous loss, unparalleled in history, of 4,900,000 human beings with a decrease in cultivation of 1,250,000 acres. Of this clearance from Ireland of nearly 5,000,000 of people about 3,650,000 were expatriated and 1,250,000, or more, exterminated. The lurid records of Attila the Hun, or of Tamerlane fade into insignicance beside the dreadful consequences of British rule in Ireland during the reign of the woman who now occupies the English throne. In the face of so fearful a crime, the culmination of successive generations of the massacre and plundering of the Irish people, to doubt the future punishment of England, would be tantamount to questioning the justice or the omnipotence of God. And now in the expiring hours of the 19th century, and in the sixtieth year of Victoria's reign, the cry of hunger and distress is again borne across the sea from unhappy Ireland. Worse than all, the productive element of the Irish people has all but disappeared from the island, and the death rate exceeds the birth rate, although emigration has largely decreased.

If nothing intervenes to prevent it, under these conditions, the question of when the Irish of the old Gaelic and Norman races will cease to exist, can be solved by the simple process of arithmetic. This is the end of one hundred years of parliamentary agitation; this is the outcome of blind unreasoning submission to tyrants, because, forsooth they were the powers that be. This is the answer to a hundred years of petitioning and belly crawling; this is the result of a hundred years of chicanery and humbug in the British parliament. And what are the Irish leaders doing? What do they propose? The hierarchy are troubled about an expected royal endowment for their Catholic university, that can be of little or no benefit but to a few sons of squireens and others, whose patriotism is already so poor in stamina that to further emasculate it would be a moral impossibility. John Dillon proposes to shake the pillars of the British empire by holding meetings and resolving to demand, by humble petition of course, that the British government shall return a pecentage of the millions they have stolen from Ireland, and expend it for the relief of the starving people. The credulity of mankind is very great, but John Dillon ought to know well that England will never restore a dollar of Irish money to prevent that great desideratum of all British statesmen, the extinction of the Irish nation.

It is time for priests and people to think seriously of the evils that confront them, and it is high time for the Irish to act as men determined to have their own, and cease playing the baby act. In Ireland's present circumstances, a university seems to be a superfluity. Attendance at Westminster is worse than lost time; it deceives the outside world as to the proper relations between Ireland and England. All dependence upon English statesmen and politicians should be trampled under foot, and Irishmen should be taught to rely upon themselves alone. Self preservation should be the social law, and if there is famine in the land, let the landlord have the biggest share of it. A convention should be called in Dublin; a clear statement of Ireland's claims and grievances should be drawn up, and a copy of the same should be presented to every civilized government in the world. Bring the case of Ireland out of the English parliament, and present it for examination and discussion by the intelligent of all nations. A bold policy alone will save Ireland. We have had a hundred years of tinkering, and the end is well nigh death. A change of policy can bring no worse.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON HESING.

The city was shocked and deeply surprised on Sunday morning at reading of the sudden death, on the preceding day, of Mr. Washington Hesing, ex-postmaster and proprietor of the Illinois Staats Zeitung. The sad news was at first received almost incredulously, because of the thousands who knew him for more than a quarter of a century, and almost up to the very day of his death, few outside of those most closely connected with him would have failed to say that Mr. Hesing was among the healthiest, as he certainly was among the most active, of mankind. He had a fine physique, a bustling manner, a bright, quick eye and a general bearing which seemed to say that he was good to reach the age of four score years at least. As it was, he died a year under half a century, in the very prime and vigor of life. The details of his life and death will be found elsewhere in this paper.

While Washington Hesing was not by any means exempt from human frailities, and had an unusual amount of the "ego" in his composition, he was, in general, frank and generous in his public and private conduct; but he sometimes allowed the Staats Zeitung to do injustice to those whom he politically opposed. This was the extent of his offending, and no one was more ready to bury the hatchet once the fight was over and the killed and wounded carried out of sight.

He made a good, although a somewhat severe, postmaster and, no doubt, would have made an acceptable Mayor, of the aggressively reforming type, if he had been elected to that office. His failure to get even a passably big vote when he, contrary to every rule of common sense, ran for that office last spring, no doubt hastened his end. His best friends urged him not to run, but he preferred to listen to those who ministered to his vanity and forgot his true interests.

We cannot claim to have been as intimately friendly with Washington Hesing as we were with his more genial father, but, nevertheless, we sincerely mourn his death, and offer our respectful sympathy to his widow. He was a man of good intellect and of finished education, yet not a pedant or one who loved to display his superior knowledge on the platform or in private. He was of a cheerful disposition, and was quite a social favorite. The Chicago Press Club loses in him one of the ablest of its presidents; and the resolutions passed by it show in what high esteem he was held. Washington Hesing was a man of sufficient force and individuality to be greatly missed even in this very commercial and rather materialistic metropolis.

MR. GEORGE E. HARMON ADVANCED.

The people of Chicago will be glad to learn that on and after January 1 Mr. George E. Harmon will be exclusive manager, not alone of Central Music hall, but also of Apollo hall, which is comprised in the same building. Mr. Harmon has been connected with Central Music hall since it was built by the late George B. Carpenter, in 1879, and was treasurer until 1892, when Mrs. Carpenter severed her connection with the institution. Since then he has been manager for the Central Music Hall Company, of which John M. Clark is president; and, in fact, he was recognized as manager long before he had that office formally conferred upon him. Mr. Harmon is a gentleman of most charming manners and obliging disposition. He has hosts of friends and well-wishers among all races, creeds and conditions, and all will be rejoiced to hear of his honorably earned advancement. Among his official archives he still proudly treasures the programme of "Cinderella," the first concert given in Apollo Music hall; and he is an infallible authority on all the dates of, and circumstances surrounding, the various famous events of which Central Music hall has so long been the theatre.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Very Rev. Dr. Garrigan, vice-rector of the University, preached a charity sermon on Sunday week at St. Paul's church, Baltimore. Rev. Maurice O'Connor of Boston, Rev. Edmund O'Connor of Albany and Rev. William Higgins of Philadelphia, who are in Deacon's orders, have left here for their retreat preparatory to ordination. The Right-Rev. Rector opened the course of lectures at Villanova college on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, his subject being "The Duty of Catholic College Men in American Life," and on Sunday last he preached on the occasion of the consecration of the altars at St. Augustine's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the "Necessity of Dogma in Religion." Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., delivered a lecture before the University club on Thursday evening, Dec. 16.

In the Assembly hall of the Catholic university, on Friday evening of last week, the professors and students were gathered to offer congratulations to their honored head, Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, which he is soon to happily celebrate at his old post of duty in Worcester, Mass. Informal in nature, with no attempt at academic display, the meeting impressed one as the expression of the kindest and sincerest regard. It owed its inspiration to the fact that professors and students did not wish to have the celebration confined to the immediate family of the Rector as was Dr. Conaty's modest intent. The academic body of the university desired to participate in the fund of good wishes that spring spontaneous on an occasion such as this, when a worker for church and state may pause amid the sheaves already bound and look back upon the labor of twenty-five years with consolation in the past and the earnest of new hopes for the future. Dr. Shahan, dean of the faculty of Theology, addressed the Rector in the name of his confreres; Rev. M. T. Slattery of Springfield diocese, and Mr. Leo Stock of Gettysburg, performing a like pleasant duty for the clerical and lay students respectively. Dr. Conaty responded in a feeling manner, and the evening passed off with the cordiality of a family reunion.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM BROUGHAM.

Young William Brougham, eldest son of Mr. Dennis Brougham, No. 1380 Harrison street, a youth of fine promise and a bright pupil of St. Ignatius' College, died at his parents' residence on the 19th inst. His illness was brief, as he was taken sick with appendicitis on the Monday previous, and few except the immediate family thought his death would come so soon. He was fortified with the last rites of the Church and his last moments were peaceful and happy.

During his college career William always evinced a kind and affable disposition, which made him loved by all with whom he came in contact. His bright face and obliging manners were well known in the playground, while in class his unfailing attention and studious habits made him dear to teacher and classmates alike. His companions had a high opinion of his worth, and those who knew him well feel that a bright and beautiful soul has passed from among them.

The funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady of Serrows at 10 a. m. Monday. Solemn high mass was sung by Father Crevier, O. S., assisted by Father Cassilly, S. J., vice-president of St. Ignatius' College, as deacon; Rev. Father Burke, O. S., as sub-deacon; Mr. J. Reilly, S. J., master of ceremonies.

The youth's uncle, Very Rev. T. P. Brougham, of Batavia, N. Y., was present in the sanctuary during the services.

At the conclusion of the mass Father Cassilly, S. J., in a few brief and touching words, paid a glowing tribute to the character of the deceased.

D. O'Brien, C. Branick, T. Egan and P. Joyce served the mass. The pallbearers were Messrs. F. Lang, J. Cannon, C. Krebs, J. Powers, J. Halligan, F. Coghlan, G. Hogan and A. Sullivan. The honorary pallbearers were C. Daly, F. Hoyne, D. O'Connell, T. Anderson, E. Fitzgerald, J. Haggerty, W. Hall, S. Wisniewski, R. McCarthy, L. Stamm and G. Venus, all members of his class and of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of which the departed was a dutiful member. The Sodality will show their appreciation of the deceased by having mass said for him this (Saturday) morning at 8:30, to which the family and relatives are invited. The Sodalists will also show their charity to their departed associate by offering many masses and holy communion for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.

MRS. MARGARET HANNAN.

Mrs. Margaret Hannan, widow of the James Hannan, died at her late residence, No. 669 Henry street, on Dec. 4, aged 70 years. Deceased was a native of Ballyhahill, county Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country forty years ago. Mrs. Hannan resided in the Holy Family parish for many years and was a devout member of the Catholic church. She leaves three daughters, Mary A. and Nannie Hannan, teachers in the public schools of this city, and Mrs. John Roche, to mourn her loss. The funeral took place from her residence, on Dec. 7, to the Holy Family church, where a solemn requiem high mass was offered up. Rev. Father Kelly preached on the life of the deceased, after which the funeral, which was largely attended, proceeded by carriages to Calvary cemetery where the remains were laid to rest.

Mothers Praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, because, by its great blood enriching qualities, it gives rosy cheeks and vigorous appetites to pale and puny children.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic and liver medicine. Price 25c.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2 p. m., in room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"A CHRISTMAS REVERIE."

KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON.

A Christmas time, in the vanished years
That far in the past has flown,
I dimly see through a mist of tears
As I sit at my desk alone.

The darkened room, the office chair,
And the bookshelves standing near,
Are dim in the shades that twilight's wear,
And soon will disappear.

A stocking-hung old fireplace stands
In the place where the bookshelves stood,
With its thousand fanciful glints and gleams
Sent out from the magic wood.

The laden limbs of a Christmas tree
Loom out of the shades around,—
Its bright lights dance in happy glee
To many a joyous sound—

It stands in the fading, half-worn light
Of the dying afternoon,
With its glimmering candles gleaming bright,
And its hanging trinkets' tune—

The dear old room's familiar air,
The childish voices' song,
Are all I know in the silence there,
As the twilight shades grow long!

Oh years! glide back in your onward flight,
Let me live the past once more!
That dim-remembered Christmas night,
Ere childhood's dreams were o'er.

Bring back the joyous, care-free hearts;
The faith that childhood knows;
Ere earth's pursuit of colder arts
Has banished its repose!

But they'll come not back with the Christmas chime,—
Those things of the years long dead;—
The loving hearts of that holy time
With the Christmas tree have fled—

And I wonder, as fades the memory quite,
In the present more sadly true,
If in other lives the Christmas bright,
Twines holly with vines of rue!

RORY LYNCH.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Rory Lynch was born in the little fishing village of Duncleary, that straggles along the edge of Clew Bay, in the County of Mayo, in Ireland. The Irish peasantry are as fond of nicknames as the Latins, and Rory was better known as Rory the Rover, Red Rory, Rory the Fox, than he was by the name he inherited from his father and received at the baptismal font, the variants being tributes to his vagrant seafaring life and the brilliant hue of his hair.

Besides his name, Rory received from his father a heritage of hate—a fierce feud with the rich Hamiltons, whose lands touched the starveling farm of the Lynches. The original Hamilton and founder of the family was an ex-drummer of a Scotch marching regiment, who first appeared in Duncleary a few years before the '98. This Hamilton—he was called Alpin—acquired a competence by thrift and other less admirable means; and during the Rebellion, while he was Lord Duncleary's land-agent and a captian of yeomanry, he sent many a man to the gallows at Castlebar, and among the rest Condon Lynch, Rory's great-grandfather. In the generations that succeeded, the Hamilton's managed to send many a Lynch over the sea—either a fugitive to America or a convict to Botany Bay. And while the fires of hatred burned briskly as the years went on, the Hamiltons went on thriving, and the Lynches grew poorer and more desperate. The long record of wrongs done to his kin was dinned into Rory's ears, and he drank in hatred for the Hamiltons with his mother's milk. He hated them cordially, and as a lad he had vigorously thrashed Alpin and Walter, the two sons of old "Black" John Hamilton. Anxious to be rid of such pestilent and uncomfortable neighbors, the Hamiltons offered to buy the Lynch farm for a good price, but Rory rejected their offer with scorn and insult. But rid of the Lynches, by fair means or foul, the Hamiltons swore to be; and as they were rich and politically influential, and Providence is usually on the side of the heaviest artillery, the outcome of the struggle was not doubtful.

Rory Lynch, with true Irish conservatism, followed the ways of his father, but being shrewder and more industrious, he acquired in time a half ownership in the fishing-smack Blackbird, which had the reputation of being the smartest craft of her kind from the Bloody Foreland to Dingle. Gossip had it that the Blackbird went to the French coast oftener than she did to the mackerel-grounds, and the excisemen were very anxious to overhaul her cargoes; but as the smack came and went at unseasonable hours, the custom-house men were never able to fix a charge of smuggling against the boat. Time and again, under the urgings of Squire Hamilton, the "gaugers" spread a net for the feet of the smuggler; but the Red Fox was awake and not to be caught. But though balked, the snarers were not beaten, and Lanty Lannigan, Hamilton's water-bailiff, spent many an hour racking his sly brain to arrange baits to trap Rory. At last Lannigan found a man in Castlebar who was willing th help the Hamiltons to land Rory in the clutches of the law; and this rogue struck a bargain with the owners of the Blackbird for the delivery of a few kegs of French brandy in a cove a few miles below Duncleary.

When the appointed night came, Walter Hamilton, a squad of police, a couple of excisemen, Lanty Lannigan, and the man from Castlebar were in waiting near the cove, like spiders for their flies. But in some way the thing leaked out, and while Rory's friends could not reach him to warn him of the trap, they went down to the landing, unknown to the officers, to take a hand in the fight that was inevitable.

Near midnight the Blackbird came gliding up the bay like a ghost, and slipped into the cove to the landing place; but her anchor was hardly in the weeds when there was a rush by the officers to get aboard, led by Walter Hamilton. Rory's friends too went for the Blackbird with a roar, and a very pretty fight was the result, heads being cracked with zeal and the silence being broken by oaths and pistol-shots. When the fight was over and an inventory of damages was taken, it was found that Hamilton's face was smashed to a jelly, Lynch had escaped to the hillls, and Sergeant Clancy of the constabulary was lying dead on the landing. With astonishing assurance Lannigan volunteered the information that Lynch had shot Clancy, though everybody knew that Rory never carried a more deadly weapon than a salmon stick. The dead man was carried to Duncleary, and there was a hue-and-cry for Rory Lynch, but that man took to the bog and the heather, and was "on his keepin'."

The Blackbird was in the hands of the authorities, and one of her crew, a poor devil called Cregan, was locked up in the police barracks. Cregan, under the judicious counsels of Mr. Lannigan, was ready to swear Clancy's murder on Rory Lynch, provided he could save his neck and liberty. As he was guaranteed both, and money enough to carry him to America, a warrant for murder was issued, after the coroner's inquest had duly fixed the crime on Rory. When this news reached him in his hiding-place, and he learned that a price of a hundred pounds was on his head, Rory realized that the sooner he was out of Ireland the better; for, as he put it himself, "Wance in the clutches of the law in Connemara, I'd as soon thrust me sowl to the keepin' av the divil as me neck to Counsellor Coffey an' a Castlebar jury."

So he slipped across country one dark night and went aboard a boat bound for Bristol; and the day he landed there he had the queen's shilling in his fist, the recruiting sergeant snapping him up as a pike does a worm. When his beard was shaved and his hair cut and he had donned a red coat, there was hardly a man in Duncleary would have recognized the fisherman in Private Cronin of the 45th foot.

Inside of a month his regiment sailed from Portsmouth on the Crocodile, bound for India, and when the oceans rolled between him and the land of his birth, Rory began to breathe freely. The loss of his prey deeply chagrined John Hamilton, who eased his feelings by sending a full account of the affair to his son, the gallant Major Alpin Hamilton, then sweltering in the Northwest Provinces. Lanty Lannigan bemoaned his ill luck and wondered what hole the Red Fox had crawled into; while Walter Hamilton kept the house for a month, when he came out with his face permanently disfigured and his heart full of wrath and hate.

Meanwhile the drill-sergeant had licked the tall fisherman into a straight, fine-looking soldier, and one that Captain Markham looked on with special favor. Then the 45th was pushed up north and west, and sent to broil and stew in the cantonments of Peshawar, where Rory grew homesick and longed for the green hills of Duncleary. But longing did little good, for hot, sweltering Peshawar was always before his door, and in his mind's eye were Walter Hamilton, the queen's counsellor, the bewigged judge, and the packed jury; so he put away all thoughts of home and cursed behind his teeth.

The days grew into weeks and months, and then came the second stage in Rory's wanderings, and that is best told in his own way.

"The hate an' the flies wor dhrivin' us to disthraction an' murdher in that divil's hole av a cantoonment, whin along kem a dhrove av commissioners an' naygurs an' elephan's an' camels an' the divil's own roost of craychures; an' out we marched bag an' baggage into the hills, where it was cool, thankin' the divil for his mercy. Three hundhred av the 45th wor sint as a guard, meself among the rest, to guard the commissioners, an' we were boun' for Candahar or some other such place, to have a colloguin' match with a king or a rajah, an' to lave him know that av he didn't shtop fightin' for the Rooshuns we'd be afther cuttin' his black throat. Sorra much cared I for the Rooshuns or the rajah, for glad I was to get out av the hot hole an' into the mountains, where I could breathe God's air an' live.

"Well, four days out we wor reinforced by two squadhrons of naygur lancers undher command av Major Alpin Hamilton, the brother of Walther, an' the son of ould black John. Me heart was in me mouth; but thin I thought that changed as I was an' the long years since he seen me, shure he'd never know me. He rode along our line, cockin' his eye at us; but I didn't thrust him, an' I shlipped in among the camels out av his way. Well, for days I dodged him, playin' hide-and-seek, but at last he foun' me.

"We wor camped be the side av a brook wan day, an' I had gone out under a big three back av the camels to be be myself an' smoke, an' as I was lukkin out at the blue mountains and drahmin' of me poor ould father an mother back in Mayo, a han' was laid on my showldher, an' him that owned the han' said, 'So I've foun' ye at last, have I, Rory Lynch?' An' he laffed as cowld an' cruel as bastes in the hills. I knew it was Alpin Hamilton, an' though my face paled an' me heart stood still, I'd have died there in me thracks rather than let wan av his black breed see the sign of the craven in me, or have it to say that a Lynch flinched him. I faced right about like a sojer, saluted him stiff an' proud, an' lukkin' him in the eye, sez I to him, 'Av its lukkin' for me ye wor, sor, I'm found, for here I am, worse luck! when I wish I was back in Duncleary.'

"'Take it aisy, Lynch, sez he. 'Take it aisy. I'll engage ye'll go back to Duncleary soon enough, and I'll warrant ye a warm welcome from the hangman.'

"I kep' me timper, for he was a Major, an' Rory Lynch a private sojer; but I knew I'd be undher his black hide before we were done colloguin.'

"'Well, sor,' sez I, talkin' slow and aisy, 'there's been hangmen an' Hamiltons in Mayo this many a day, and Lynches have swung on the gallows-three, but there's nayther hemp nor hangman in Castlebar for me. I know there's wan law for the Lynches an' another for the drummer's get; but mark me, Major Hamilton, av I die be the perjury av a Hamilton or wan av their dirty followin', me debt will be paid in full av there's powdher an' ball in Ireland. But I think, sor, I'll die a nacheral death, like any sojer, ayther in bed or battle.'

"'Yer a loose-tongued blaggard, Lynch,' sez the Major, his face white with passion. 'But kape yer Irish tongue bock av yer teeth here. Ye'll need all yer breath when Jack Ketch puts the rope on ye in Castlebar.'

"'Time enough to bid the divil good morrow when ye meet him, sor,' sez I, me fingers itchin' to squeeze his throat. 'But whether it here or beyant the say, be sure I'll die as we always died, a man, as becomes the son of an honest woman.'

"Then his eyes blazed, for he knew I was talkin' back to Duncleary's lavins that married the first Hamilton; an' dhrawin' back, he struck me in the mouth with his ridin'-whip, sayin' as he did, 'Take that, ye scoundhrel, an' mark my words, back ye'll go to Ireland to hang for the murder of Clancy.'

"God only knows how I kep' me han's off him; but I wiped me mouth with me han' slow an' quiet, an' thin I said, 'A sojer may not strike back at his shuparior officer, even whin he's a cowardly dog; but plaze God the day is comin' whin I'll wear another coat, an' then ye'll answer to me for that blow.'

"His face got white an' he turned an' left me. I laned agin the three, fit to cry, I was that wake, an' only kem to myself when I h'ard Capt. Markham sayin', 'So yer name is Lynch, is it, and not Cronin?'

"That's me nam, sor, sez I. 'I wasn't convanyent to have me own on the rigimintal rosther.'

"'Quite so, sez he, smilin'. I didn't intind to listen to yer talk with Major Hamilton; but the fact is I was sleep there undher the bushes whin yez woke me up with yer Connemara riminiscences. Yer a tenant av his, I take it?'

"'No! Glory be to God, I'm not!' sez I. 'We don't own much, but we'd own more av no thievin' Hamiltons had ever set foot in Duncleary.'

"'Ye have had some throuble at home?' he went on.

"'Throuble enough, sor,' sez I. 'I broke his brother's head in a scrimmage with the gaugers, an' somebody shot a peeler; an' now the Hamilton's are swearin' the murdher on to me, though Lord knows a blackthorn was the only weapon I ever carried until I put on a red coat. It's an ould score they're thrying to pay in their own dirty way. It's what ye might expect from a man that wears a sojer's coat and strikes a Pandy's blow.'

"The Captain looked me over from head to fut, an' sez he, 'Are ye any soort av a walker, Lynch?'

"'Well, yer honor,' sez I, 'I can walk the legs off any man, camel, or divil in this expedition on hill or dale, or in desert or bog. The Lord gev me a purty good pair av legs.'

"Thin Capt. Markham looked out av the sides av his eyes, an', spakin' kind of slow, sez he: 'Lynch, it's about fifty days' good walkin' from here to the say, over the mountains, marchin' due south into the sun. It's a hard road an' a bad counthry; it's full of wild bastes an' wildher min, an' maybe ye'll never get tin miles from here. But I'm thinkin' ye'd betther thrust yerself to the naygurs an' jackals than wait on the mercy av Maj. Hamilton.'

"'I'm thinkin' that same meself, yer honor,' sez I, 'for wolves an' Pandies have as much tindherness as an Irish judge an' jury with Hamilton an' Lanty Lannigan in the witness box.'

"'Well, me man,' sez the Captain, kind of brisk, 'if ye wor to take yer ride an' ammunition an' something to ate, an' walk away this very night, I don't think that ayther meself or Major Hamilton would find it out for a week.' And away he wint, as aisy an' unconsarned as ye plaze.

"Faith, I wasn't long in makin' up me mind! an' to make a long story short, I gev the sojers the slip that night an' began me thramp over the mountains into the face av the sun."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Eachtra Bhodaigh an Chota Lachtna.
(The Adventures of the Churl of the Gray Coat)

(AR LEANANAMHAIN.)

Is ann sin thainig Caol an Iarainn do láthair agus d'fhiafruigh an dtug Fionn leis an fear do rithfeadh leis féin; agus adubhairt Fionn go dtug, agus do thaisbáin dó é. Ar bhfháicsin an Bhodaigh do Chaol adubhairt nach rithfeadh le n-a leithid do bhodach smeartha choidhche. Ar n-a chlos sin do'n Bhodach do rinne glamradh garbh gáire agus adubhairt: "Is mealita staol dom' thaobhsa a ghaiscidhigh," ar sé' "agus tabhair dham fios na scribe rithfeas tú agus muna ritheadsa sin leatsa agus tuilleadh má 'sé do tholl é is leatsa agus breith an ghéill." "Ni h-áil liom ni be lughe ná tri fichid mile do scrib ratha do bheith rómham," ar Caol. "Is maith mar tháirla," ar an fear mór; "tri fichid mile go cinnte ó Bhinn Eadair mhic Eadgsoithe go Sliabh Luachra na Mámhan; agus muna ritheadsa sin leatsa agus tuilleadh má 'sé do tholl é is leatsa breith an ghéill. "Deantar amhlaidh," ar Caol. "Maiseadh," ar Bodach an Chóta Lachtna, "is é is cóir dúinn do dhéanamh gluasacht siar go Sliabh Luachra na Mámhan agus cómhnuidhe na h-oidhche anocht do dhéanamh ann, ionnus go mbiom réidh do chum ár n-aistir agus ár n-imtheachta ar a márach."

Is ann sin do ghluais an dís deaghlaoch sin, mar ata Caol an Iarainn mac righ na Tesaille agus Bodach an Chóta Lachtna; agus ni h-aithristear a n-imthus go rangadar Sliabh Luachra na Mumhan an ag dul faoi do'n ngaoin. Is ann sin do labhair an Bodach agus is é adubhairt; "A Chaoil an Iaraian," ar sé, "is cóir dúinn árus tighe no bothán do dhéanamh bhéidheas do ar gcionn anocht." "Dar go dearbhtha ni rachad do dhéanamh tighe ar Shliabh Luachra na Mámhan mar gheall ar chómhnuidhe aon oidhche agus gan sdil agam re teacht tar m'ais lem' lé aris," ar Caol. "Déantar amhlaidh," ar an Bodach. "Acht má thig liomsa árus tighe no bolthe do dhéanamh is fada uaidh amach bhéidheas gach aon nach dtiubhradh a chongnamh do chum a dhéanta."

Is an sin do ghluais an Bodach fá'n gcoill aimhreidh dorcha ba cholmhneasa dhó, agus ni stad no mórchómhnuidhe do rinne no gur shnaidhm sé ceithre cépla fichead do mhórádmad agus do dtug leis iad fó n-a ndiol taobhán gcoille agus d'árluachair an t-sleibhe do'n ualach ain, agus gur chuir teach fada fairsing in a sheasamh fo dhion agus fó théagar. I n-a dhiaigh sin do chuir mórthere móradhbhal méirtheineadh d'úrach agus do chrionnach na coille ar urlár an lóistin sin agus do labhair an dara h-uair le Caol,—"má's duine thú thiocfas liomsa d fhiadhnach ar bith fó na coillitibh so" "Ni fios damhsa é," ar Caol, "agus dá m-b'eadh ni le do leithidse do rachainn d'eamhnadh."

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

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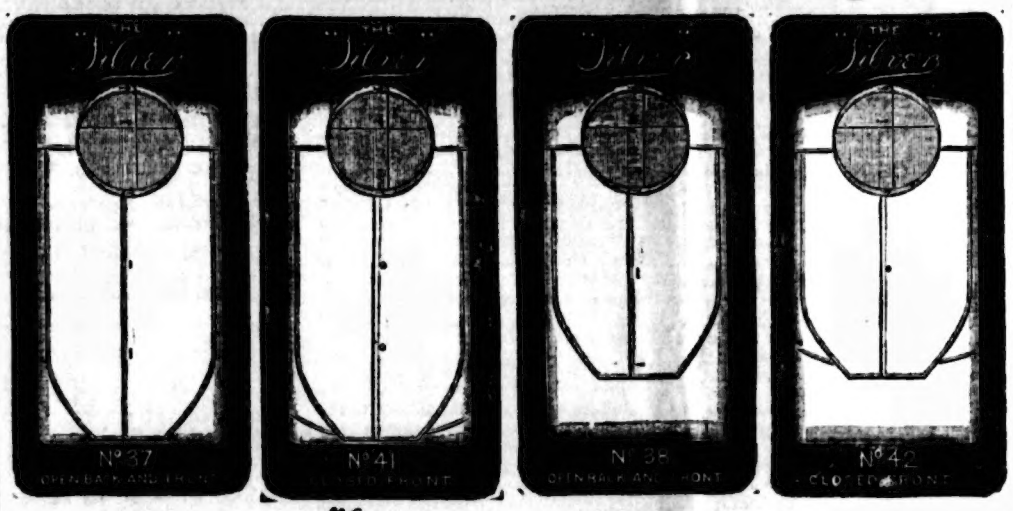

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WASHINGTON HESING.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Death moves along in unexpected ways,
Unwelcome and unbidden treads around,
And on our dearest hearts the tyrant lays
His hand, and swings his scythe o'er holy ground.
He strikes the brightest, proudest of them all—
Breaks down our altars and our idols fall.

The lights are dim, the crape hangs on the door,
All tread on tip-toe, lest a sound should mar
The august silence brooding hopeless o'er
The mourning home, with its extinguished star
Now calmly resting on his honored bier,
To him we yield the tribute of a tear.

Ah! tyrant Death, why strike the lov'd, the good,
Why aim your darts against the brightest crest,
And why discriminate in tyrant mood
Against the pure of earth, the brightest, best?
Why strike the brilliant plume, the patriot head,
And number gallant Hesing with the dead?

He stood for justice—struggled for the right,
Honored the people—lov'd his fellow-man.
Willing to lead in freedom's sacred fight
Against the tyrant's chain—the despot's ban;
He hated sham, detested trick and fraud,
True to his country, faithful to his God.

Hesing is dead! No brighter head is laid
In rest to consecrate a freeman's tomb.
No purer heart shall lie beneath the shade
Of sod or marble in the cypress gloom.
Hesing, farewell! in thy sad resting place,
A patriot sleeps who loved the human race.

HOW "FOREIGNERS RUN THE UNITED STATES."

(Irish World, Dec. 18.)

According to the census of 1890, the native-born white population was 45,862,023, and the foreign-born 9,121,867. The foreign population was thus about 20 per cent. of the white population of the United States in 1890, and we may assume the same proportion at the present time.

The foreign-born Senators are only a little over 5 per cent. of the Senate, while the foreign-born members represent less than 5 per cent. of the House. This is one-fourth the representatives to which they are entitled, and goes to show the fallacy of the claims put forth by certain interested parties, that "foreigners are running the United States." Assertion is one thing and solid fact is another thing.

It would, therefore, follow that the native-born have the country almost completely in their hands, and that if there is any mismanagement or confusion in public affairs, the "foreign element" is not at fault. Nothing would give us such hearty satisfaction as to know that the "American people"—we mean the descendants of the men of '76 and 1812—were running public affairs, for then we could feel assured that public virtue and liberty would be preserved and perpetuated as provided for by the Fathers. We know, however, and we lament the fact, on the very highest principles, that the United States is largely governed from lodge rooms, and that the Scotch, English and Canadians, to a very great extent, dominate the lodges. It thus follows that a very small minority of the foreign-born population of the United States, by their peculiar positions in the lodges, exert a secret power which can hardly be overestimated, in the affairs of the nation. We wish we could show the American people that all this cry of "foreign influence" and "Catholic conspiracy" is but the cunning shibboleth of a "foreign faction," whose fathers were the enemies of American liberty in every stage of its progress, and who, themselves, toast the "queen and all the royal family" first, and the President secondly.

In 1890, according to the census, the foreign born of the United States were: Germans, 2,784,894; Irish, 1,871,500; English, 800,002; Scotch, 242,281. We have no hesitation whatever in asserting that this 242,281 Scotch represent more hostility to the United States, as "personified" by their insane loyalty to England, than all other elements, foreign and native united, and yet, because they are at the head of the lodges they control more patronage and hold more lucrative positions than the 2,000,000 Irish-Americans and their many, many millions of direct Irish descent, every one of whom has stood, and now stands, side by side with the men of old American stock in "field and in forum."

Let us not be understood as casting any reflection upon the men whom their constituents have sent to the Senate and the House to represent them. The right of the people to select their representatives is the corner-stone of our liberties, and we would never reject a man for his "nativity," once we were assured of his fidelity to American liberty; neither would we accept a man, even were he born of "our household" a hundred times, did we have reason to doubt his fidelity to that liberty. We have cleaned the street, before our own doors, of bigotry and illiberality, before demanding that others shall do the same before their houses. If anything contrary to liberty, in its broadest American sense, has ever been published in the columns of the Irish World, we repudiate it with our whole heart. Thus, with clean hands and with a spirit of the severest and simplest justice, we arraign all the noisy and insincere demagogues who, from their secret chambers, strike at the very life of the nation, while, in open-mouthed hypocrisy, they shout liberty! liberty! and charge Catholicity and Catholics with designs which they themselves are secretly exploiting.

The armed treason which defied public authority on the battle-field, and proved its faith by heroic sacrifices was nobility itself compared to this hooded treason which nullifies the will of the people, and sows the seeds of animosity in the body politic in the interest of foreign domination—despotic, governmental domination; not the "domination" of man seeking a home or an asylum in this great land, and, in return, ready to die for its preservation.

Let us now turn to our diplomatic and consular representatives in foreign countries, and note how the Irish have "gobbled up" all the good places.

In the diplomatic service the United States is represented in forty-three countries by forty-three ministers, residents, envoys extraordinary, etc., and one of these is foreign born, viz., W. Godfrey Hunter, Guatemala, who was born in Ireland, and appointed from Kentucky. Were it not for this single "Irish exception," the diplomatic representatives at foreign courts would be wholly acceptable to "mupwumpery"—certainly the Irish have not run off with the force.

In regard to the consular force, we count only consulates general, consuls and commercial agencies, the many consular agencies being filled by local citizens for the very good reason that they do not pay enough to induce our Mugwump patriots to take them, so they "go a begging" to local business men, who accept the places for the honor of being an agent of the United States, without surrendering their local standing.

Of an aggregate number of consulates, of say 400, only 28, or 7 per cent. of the whole, are filled by foreign-born citizens, viz.:

GERMANS—	SALARY.
Bombay, Germany	$1,500
Bremen, Germany	3,000
Berlin, Germany	7,000
Breslau, Germany	2,000
Eibenstock, Germany	2,000
Furth, Germany	2,000
Nurmeberg, Germany	3,500
Zittau, Germany	1,500
Catania, Italy	1,500
Managua, Nicarragua	2,000
Zanish, Switzerland	2,500
Total salary	$28,500
Total Germans, 11.	
ENGLISH—	
Chin Kiang, China	$3,000
Liverpool, England	6,000
Sheffield, England	2,500
Swansea, Wales	2,500
Victoria, B. C.	2,500
Genoa, Italy	1,500
Total salary	$20,000
Total English, 6.	
SCOTCH—	
Hamburg, Germany	$6,000
Collingwood, Canada	1,000
Dumferline, Scotland	2,000
Total salary	$9,000
Total Scotch, 3.	
CANADIANS—	
Three Rivers, Quebec	$1,500
IRISH—	
Cork, Ireland	$2,000
Hull, England	1,500
Mauritius	2,000
Total salary	$5,500
Total Irish, 3.	
Filled by Norwegians, 2	2,500
DANES—	
Martinique	$1,500
Total, 28 consulates	$70,500

The above shows that the English consuls sent by the United States to foreign ports are double the number of the Irish, and that they receive nearly four times as much salary. The Scotch and the Irish are equal in number, but the salary of the Scotch is nearly double that of the Irish. This goes to show that the three Irish consuls had to take what was left or go without. We know some of these gentlemen, know they did good political work during the last Presidential campaign, and are men qualified by nature and education to fill almost any place in the gift of the Administration.

We congratulate the Germans on doing so well, although what they have received was but a tithe of that to which they were entitled.

As said before, we are no carping critics, nor disappointed office seekers. We have taken all this labor to show to all whom it may concern that the Irish, while in politics, as all good citizens should be, have not run away with all the offices, and, further—and we say it in all sincerity—that they have run away with fewer and smaller offices during the present Administration than during any Administration since that of Millard Fillmore, the "Native American" President.

We trust the foregoing will satisfy all true Americans—native and foreign born—that the British mugwump clamor about the Irish in politics, as far as getting office is concerned, has, we are sorry to say, very little to stand upon; in fact, it would take a ballet girl with her most scientific and acute pivotal toe-balancing to stand upon it.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

TRUMPETER FRED.

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

[Copyright, 1897, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

AWAY TO THE RESCUE!

That night Fred Waller slept fitfully on the open prairie, with Big Jim tethered close at hand. Saturday morning found him ten miles to the east and ten miles farther from the river than the point where he watched the Sioux the previous evening. Hungry and worn with anxiety as he was, the poor boy's heart sank within him when he cautiously peered over the ridge into the valley. After an early morning ride he saw the dust clouds near the stream and felt that he was still cut off. Noon was near when, far as he could see up or down, the valley was clear, and then, creeping out from his lair, he again mounted and rode straight for the Platte. Warily he watched in every direction, but no intruders came. He was spurring over the flats only a mile from the river before the first sign of pursuit was made. Then, far back toward the bluffs he had left, Fred spied a little party of warriors coming after him full tilt.

Never stopping for more than one glance he gave Jim the rein, urging him to full speed; marked, as he flashed across it only a few hundred yards from the bank, the trail of a cavalry command going up the valley and wondered whose it could be. Then he and Jim went crashing through the gravel at the water's edge and plunged boldly into the running stream. Deeper and deeper brave old Jim pushed in until the waters foamed about his broad and muscular breast. Then Fred threw himself from the saddle and, keeping tight hold of the pommel and steadying his carbine with the same hand, "Swim for it, old man!" he shouted to his gallant horse, and in another minute he and Jim were floating with the current, yet rapidly nearing the other shore. Three minutes, and, dripping wet, but safe, they were scrambling up the south bank and speeding away over the bounding turf with the baffled pursuers still two miles behind.

And these were the tracks that Wallace found as he came hurrying back down stream.

Saturday again Fred Waller and his faithful horse spent on the open prairie, for in the darkness he found it impossible to make his way. The moon was gone by 1 o'clock, and her light had been all too faint before. But Sunday, just a little after noon, he had come in sight of the goal he had sought through such infinite pluck and peril, the Sidney road, and as he gazed at it from afar, peering at it as usual from behind a sheltering bluff, his heart sank into his boots. He had come too late. There on that distant trail were the tiny columns of blue smoke floating skyward which told of burning wagons, now in crumbling ruins. Worse than that, here close at hand, over on the other side of the long, shallow swale, were twoscore Indian warriors in all their barbaric finery, excitedly watching the coming of other victims.

With a moan of anguish, Fred Waller marked, a mile beyond and rapidly approaching them, a four mule ambulance with a single soldier cantering along behind.

"Oh, my God, my God!" he groaned aloud. "I am too late after all!"

But the wagon halted on the distant hills. The Indians, absorbed in their catlike watch, were eagerly gesticulating and excitedly pointing to some object far beyond. Several of their numbers lashed their ponies into a tearing gallop and sped away in wide circuit to the southward, keeping the bluffs between them and the wagon. Others followed part of the distance. He knew the maneuver well. Already they were planning the surround. In helpless agony he watched, for he was powerless to aid—powerless even to warn. He seized his ready carbine, loosened the cartridges in his belt and looked eagerly to Jim's girths. Then once again he faced the southeast and saw, far away across the waves of prairie, a little puff of dust and a little black dot —a rider—coming full tilt in the wake of the wagon.

"Who can it be?" he wondered. "Can he possibly know of this ambuscade?"

All too late. A sudden flashing signal from the leader, and all at an instant, with trailing feathers, with warcry and the thunder of many hoofs, the painted band has whirled across the ridge in front and is down in the dip beyond. Every Indian has vanished from his view and whirled into sight of the victims on the crest beyond.

In an instant, too, Fred Waller is in saddle and spurring on to the ridge which they have just left, and then once more he reins in where he can just peer over the crest. He notes with a cheer of joy that the charge is checked —that the Indians have veered off and are now dashing in a great circle around the central point on the height beyond. He sees the wild stampede and tangle of the mules, the overthrow of the ambulance, the quick, cool, resolute reply of the attacked. He marks with a glow of mad delight, of reviving hope, that there is not a woman or child with the party.

"Thank God!" he cries aloud. "It isn't Mrs. Charlton!" He waves his hat with exultation as he sees a pony stumbling in death upon the prairie and his rider limping painfully away. He knows now that they are soldiers, holding their own for at least a time, and that all depends on getting aid for them before nightfall. Far up the valley on the other side he had marked at noon a dust cloud sailing slowly toward him. It must be the sorrels or the grays hastening back to clear the Sidney road. Here is the thing to do—gallop back, recross the river, meet and guide them to the rescue. There is still time to get them here before the sun goes down, if only the besieged can hold out that long.

One more glance he takes at the stirring picture before him, longing to drive a shot at the nearest Indians, and as he gazes there comes staggering, laboring into sight from around a point of bluff beyond the beleaguered party a horse all foam and blood, who goes plunging to earth only a few yards away from the ambulance and rolls stiffening and quivering in his death agony, but the gray haired old rider has leaped safely to the ground, and his carbine flashed its instant defiance at the yelling foe. Even at that distance there is no mistaking the well known form. Fred Waller's wondering eyes have recognized at once—his father!

Now indeed he speeds away for help. Now indeed has Jim to run for more than life. Turning his back upon the thrilling scene, the little trumpeter goes like a prairie gale, whirling back to the valley of the Platte.

* * * * * * *

The sun is sinking behind the bluffs, and its last rays fall on a bullet riddled ambulance: on the stiffening bodies of a half dozen slaughtered animals—a horse and some mules; on a grim, determined little band of soldiers—two of them sorely wounded. The red shafts gleam on a litter of empty cartridge shells and tinge the canvas top of the overturned wagon. Out on the rolling prairie several hundred yards away the turf is dotted here and there by Indian ponies, the innocent victims of this savage warfare. Such Indian braves as have fallen have long since been picked up by their raging comrades and borne away. Despite their numbers never once yet have the savages managed to reach the defenders. Time and again they have swooped down in charge only to be met by cool, well aimed shots that tumbled some of their numbers to the turf and sent the others veering and yelling into the old familiar circle. At last they are trying the expedient of long range shots from different points of the compass, hoping to kill or cripple the whole party by sundown. The bullets clip the turf and scatter the dust all over the ridge. There is practically no shelter, for the ground is too hard to dig. Old Sergeant Waller is prostrate with a bullet through the thigh. Colonel Gaines has bound his handkerchief tightly around his arm. The driver lies flat on his face—dead. Every now and then the others turn longing eyes southward, hoping for some sign of infantry coming from the post, so many a mile away. They know well that Edwards will have levied on every wagon in Sidney to bring them, but not a whiff of dust cloud do they see. One of the soldiers gives a low moan and clasps his hands to his side, and Cross mutters between his set teeth, "Five minutes more of this will settle it."

"Look up, old man! Here's Fred himself."

But what means this sudden scurry and excitement among the besiegers? Why do they crowd and clamor there at the north? What can they see over that ridge beyond the little stream? Presently others join them, then more and more. Then there are whoops of rage and few ill aimed, scattering shots. Three or four of the red men ride daringly, tauntingly down, as though to resume the attack, and shout vile epithets in vilest English in response to the shots with which they are greeted, and then they, too, go riding away. "Lie down, you idiots!" yells Captain Cross to the two soldiers who would spring up to cheer, but a moment more and even the wounded wave their feeble hands and join in the triumphant shout. The ridge is cleared of every vestige of the foe. The warriors go speeding away eastward toward the Platte. Far out over the prairie, to the northeast, a troop of blue horsemen is driving in pursuit, and over the neighboring crest come a half dozen friendly forms and faces, spurring their foam flecked horses in the race.

"Look up, sergeant! Look up, old man! Here's Fred himself. Didn't I tell you he was no deserter?" It was Cross' voice, and it is Cross' strong arm that lifts the wondering, trembling veteran to his feet. The young fellow has leaped from his horse and is springing toward them. With a wondrous look of relief, of inexpressible joy, of gratitude beyond all words, of almost heaven born rapture mingling with the sunshine in his old face, the sergeant stretches forth his trembling arms and cries aloud: "My boy! My boy!"

CHAPTER XIV.

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

The provost sergeant at Fort Robinson is a man who has seen and heard a great deal in the course of his army life, and who has the enviable faculty of knowing everything that is going on around him without appearing to know anything at all. It had been his duty, a day or two previous, to expel from the limits of the reservation a rascally pack of gamblers, a species of two legged prairie wolf that in the rough old days on the frontier followed every movement of the army paymasters and lured and trapped the soldiers until every cent of their money was gone. In point of number the gamblers were strong enough to take care of themselves in case of Indian attack, yet rarely did they venture far from the protection of the nearest troops. Driven out of post and forbidden to return, they had simply camped with their whole "outfit" at the lower edge of the military reservation, where the laws of the state of Nebraska and not the orders of Uncle Sam took precedence. And here they "set up shop" again and had a game going in full blast this very sunshiny Sunday morning, and the provost sergeant knew all about it. He also knew by 10 o'clock that Sergeant Dawson and Private Patsy Donovan of Charlton's troop, with some adventurous spirits from the garrison, were down there "bucking their luck" against the tricks of these skilled practitioners, and it was not hard to predict what the result would be.

"Shall I take a file of the guard and fetch them back, sir?" he asked the colonel commanding, and that gentleman glanced inquiringly at his cavalry friend.

"How say you, captain?" Charlton reflected a moment and then replied:

"No, colonel. I should say let them have all the rope they choose to take. I can get them when they are needed. You are sure about their whereabouts on Tuesday and Wednesday nights?" he asked, turning to the sergeant.

"Perfectly, sir, and just what they lost and how much they owed the quartermaster's gang when they left."

"Just see where they are at noon, then, and let me know." And the provost sergeant went his way, leaving the officers in consultation.

At noon the soldier telegrapher came hurrying to the colonel and handed him a dispatch.

"I feared as much," said the old soldier as he handed the paper to Captain Charlton. "This means work for you at once. Let us go to the office. There will be dispatches from Omaha presently. Isn't it strange that no one at Sidney should have heard of the Indians getting over the Platte?"

At 2 o'clock Charlton's troop was in saddle, with only three familiar faces missing from the line. In the new excitement the men had ceased to speak of Trumpeter Fred. What puzzled them now was the absence of Dawson and Donovan. A sergeant sent into the garrison to warn them that the troop was to march at once came back to say that he had searched every stable and corral. The horses were nowhere about the post or the agency stores, and men on guard said that they had seen the two troopers riding away down White river soon after 1 o'clock, and they had not come back. And when Graham reported them absent to Captain Charlton, as the latter in his familiar scouting costume rode out to take command, the whole troop was amazed that their leader seemed to treat it as a matter of no consequence whatever. He returned the sergeant's salute and inquired:

"Every horse fed and watered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Every man got two days' hard bread and bacon?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much ammunition?"

"Eighty rounds carbine per man—30 revolver, sir."

"Very good, sergeant." And, this brief colloquy ended, the sergeant reined about and rode to the right flank. "Prepare to mount—mount!" ordered the captain. "Form ranks!" and without further delay, "Fours right—march!" And away they went up the lonely valley, along the winding water, breaking into columns of twos and riding "at ease" the moment they had passed the point where the post commander and a little knot of officers had assembled to bid them godspeed. Captain Charlton bent down from his saddle to grasp the colonel's extended hand and whisper a few words in his ear. The colonel nodded appreciatively. "They can't escape," he answered low, and then, watched by friendly eyes in that little group until out of sight and by fierce and lurking spies until darkness shrouded them from view, the troop rode jauntily on its mission, Charlton and Blunt in murmured consultation in the lead and 48 stalwart troopers confidently and unquestioningly following in their tracks. Who cared that an all night ride through Indian haunted wilds was before them? It was an old, old story to every man.

Were there "ghost lights" on the Niobrara that night? The Indian spies could swear by the deeds of their ancestors that the troop soon climbed out of the valley of the White river and rode briskly southward by the Sidney road. The trumpeter's possession when he was searched, at his own request, when first accused of the crime, as one stolen from him at the Niobrara. He had had some experience, he said, and had made a record of the members, and this record in a little notebook was exhibited to the court.

Not once had the defense interposed or asked a question. It was evidently the policy of Fred's advisers to let the prosecution go as far as it chose, and now came the announcement of the name that was most intimately connected with the case, and Sergeant Dawson in his complete uniform strolled into court, removed the gauntlet from his right hand, and holding it aloft looked the judge advocate squarely in the face and swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Then he sat down and glanced quickly around him, but his eyes did not seem to see Fred Waller, nor did they rest for an instant on Captain Charlton, who, tugging at his mustache, looked steadily at the face of his left guide. Then began the slow, painful, cumbrous method by which the law of the land requires military courts to extract their evidence, every question and answer being reduced to writing. Sergeant Dawson gave, as required, his full rank, troop, regiment and station, but hesitated as to the latter point.

"I was left behind at Red Cloud when the troop came away Sunday a week ago, sir, along with Private Donovan, and we were kept there until I got orders to come here with the hospital steward. I just got in this morning, and I'm told the troop is back at the Pine Ridge."

But the matter of station was of no particular consequence as the examination proceeded. Yes, he knew the prisoner, Trumpeter Fred Waller, Troop B, and had known him several years before he had enlisted. Told to tell in his own way what he knew of the circumstances that led to the charges against Waller, the witness cleared his throat and began.

It was the night they camped at the Niobrara, giving the date, that the prisoner seemed restless. All the men expected the Indians to make an attempt to run off the horses, and all were wakeful, but he had most occasion to notice Waller, who didn't seem able to sleep. That night passed without alarm of any kind, but the next night it was very dark, the moon went down at 11, and the horses got to stamping and snorting. Witness was sergeant of the guard and all night long had to be moving about among his sentries and the herd. About midnight he had come in to the fire, where Sergeant Graham was sleeping, to clean out his pipe, that had clogged. His leather wallet, with his money and some papers, was inside the canvas scouting jacket that the captain allowed him and others of the men to wear, and he took the jacket off a few minutes while he walked over to the stream and soused his head and face in the cold water, a thing he always tried to do when he felt sleepy. While there he thought he heard a call from the sentry up the stream, and he ran thither, and it was just then that the horses began making such a fuss. He kept around among the sentries, trying to find out the cause, and did not go back to the fire until it was all quiet, after 2 o'clock, and then he slipped into his jacket and overcoat and hurried back to where Donovan was on post below the bivouac. There was some noise they could not understand far out on the prairie in that direction. He never missed his money and the wallet until daybreak, when it was discovered that Waller had gone. He never heard him steal away during the night and was simply amazed when told of his desertion.

The lieutenant had been disposed to blame him at first for letting the trumpeter get away with his horse, but no man could have been more vigilant than he was. "The captain had never blamed him," he was sure from the captain's manner when he spoke to him about it at Red Cloud, and Dawson looked confidently now at his commander, but that gentleman never changed a muscle of his face.

As was customary, the judge advocate inquired if the prisoner had any questions to ask, and the spectators were amazed when he calmly answered, "No." Big beads of sweat were trickling down the sergeant's face by this time, but he could not control the look of wonderment that flashed for one instant into his eyes at this refusal of a valued privilege.

"Has the court any questions?" asked the judge advocate, and to the still greater wonderment of spectators and witness no member of the court appeared to care to inquire further. When Sergeant Dawson left the courtroom and walked away toward the barracks, he knew that all eyes were upon him, and just as soon as he could throw aside his saber, helmet and full dress he lost no time in getting to the trader's store and swallowing half a tumbler of raw whisky. He thought the ordeal over and that he was free. It was with a sensation of something like premonition that as he came forth he saw at the barracks the orderly of the court martial, who had been sent to warn him that he would be called by the defense at 2 o'clock.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Snakes That Like Thunder.

One of the wonders of the bare, sandy plains of New Mexico is the thunder snakes. They are by no means common, yet they are often encountered by prairie travelers, especially before and after thunderstorms. Flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, which are so terrifying to bipeds and quadrupeds, seem to have the greatest charm and delight for these members of the serpent family. Whenever a thunderstorm comes up they have a regular picnic. They come crawling out of holes, from behind rocks and rotten stumps and enjoy the fun while it lasts. Their nature is quarrelsome, their character fierce, and they are aggressive in a high degree, although their markings are very beautiful. They are not poisonous, however; their bark is worse than their bite.—Chicago Record.

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THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

It Could All Find Standing Room on One of England's Shires.

England today contains 30,000,000 people, but it has trebled its population in the course of a century, inasmuch as the population was 10,000,000 on the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty. At the time of the great revolution in 1688 England contained 5,500,000, while London, now 5,500,000, contained only 500,000 inhabitants.

It further appears that the entire population of the country was under 1,000,000 when the "Domesday Book" was compiled shortly after the Norman conquest. Other nations are more or less amenable to the same principle of increase, and modern ideas of the vast populations of antiquity are far from being correct. In spite of the grossly exaggerated statistics of Josephus, the site of Jerusalem and the course of its ancient walls, which can easily be traced, prove that the Holy City could never have accommodated more than 100,000 people, while the outer walls of Rome, still standing, indicate that the ancient population of the Eternal City could not, even in its palmy days, have exceeded 1,000,000 people.

"Westward the star of civilization takes it course" is a truth confirmed by the history of the ancient world and set forth in the rise and fall of the successive empires of China, India, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece and Rome. The westward trend of the Aryan families of Celts, Teutons and Slavs in prehistoric times points to an eastern origin of the primitive nations that gathered strength as they marched toward the lands of the setting sun, and it now appears highly probable that the bulk of the world's population had congregated around the blue waters of the Mediterranean when Greece and Rome were in the meridian of their power. The numerical strength of these nations was not great, and modern ideas of the vast population of the ancient world are more fanciful than real.

From the foregoing considerations it would appear that the regular home troops of the British army, numbering about 100,000 men, could find standing room on four acres of ground, a space equal to that of Trafalgar square, London, while the entire force of volunteers in this country, numbering about 250,000, could be accommodated in Lord's cricket ground.

The 5,500,000 people in London could easily stand in Regent's park, while the 40,000,000 of the United Kingdom could be packed together in a space within range of a cannon that can fire the distance of a mile.

The present population of the world could stand in Middlesex, while all who have ever lived since the Christian era could stand in Yorkshire, and all the inhabitants of the world, reckoning from the time of Adam to the present day, could, as far as area is concerned, have found ample standing room in England.—London Tit-Bits.

A CURIOUS POCKET PIECE.

How Railroad Engineers Transform Nickels Into Buttons or Spheres.

A Union Pacific engineer has a fashion of making unique pocket pieces for his friends. He runs a passenger engine west, and when oiling previous to a run he drops a nickel 5 cent piece into the brass oil cup on the crosshead of the piston rod. His run is 300 miles. When he reaches his destination, he unscrews the top of the oil cup and takes the nickel out. It has been metamorphosed into a curious little button with an evenly turned rim, within which on the one side is the countersunk head of Liberty, divested of her stars, and on the other side the V and the wreath. The edge of the crown is as perfect as if it had been pounded on an anvil by an expert silversmith.

The perfection of this is due to the even vibration the coin has been subjected to. The motion of the piston is horizontal, and it travels 48 inches, back and forth, with every revolution of the wheels. The interior of the oil cup is round, and the edges of the nickel as it travels back and forth in the oil, striking the sides of the cup, are turned over and pounded into perfect roundness. Sometimes a nickel is left in the cup during the round trip, or 600 miles. When taken out, it is a nickel bullet, a perfect polished sphere. Who discovered this unique method of turning the edges of a nickel is not known, but many engineers know of it.—Tacoma Ledger.

Foretold the Wheel.

"There is no new thing under the sun." We hardly expected to find that Dr. Johnson aphorized on so up to date a subject as cycling, yet such is the fact, as the following extract will show, says an English paper:

Mr. Ferguson told him of a newly invented machine which went without horses. A man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, sir," said Johnson, "what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone or himself and the machine too."—Boswell, Year 1769, Page 207 of Globe Edition.

A Household Hint.

Entering the house of a friend some weeks ago, I was struck with the superb polish of her walnut stair rails. They were fairly dazzling—so much so that I could not but remark it.

"What polish do you use?" I asked.

"None at all," she replied. "I encourage my three small boys to slide down the banisters, and there you are."

The idea struck me as a good one, and I offer it herewith to all readers of The Chatterbox.—Harper's Bazar.

God is love, and you can never escape from love. No sorrow, no sin, no estrangement, no darkness, can enable you to escape from love. The omnipotence is the omnipotence of love, and the omnipresence is the omnipresence of love. You may loosen your hand, but he will not loosen his.—Lyman Abbott.

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[To the Editor.]

Twenty years experience of England makes me feel that if there be a devil he has a large English following. By rich and poor Mammon is served, and therefore God is not. In Ireland it is different. The Irish, as a whole, are not hypocrites. They believe in their religion, and though poor, freely pay for it. In England a few have much; more than enough to make the rich devil's work easy for him. The many have little, and a large proportion have nothing, and the devil of despair has with these main sway. The devil, not God, guides the British ship of state. Armenia, Africa and India prove the fact abroad; Ireland, the prison (read Prescot's new pamphlet), and the workingman's lot are home illustrations. Were England tomorrow annexed to France or made the American outpost of a Celtic Republic, the bulk of its inhabitants would have no cause to regret. They would, as mammon-worshipers be better off, and as soul-savers could be no worse. It is the few Mammonites who would lose. These are the Guelph family, its titled supporters and the merchant millionaires who love also to prey on their kind.

Now what should the Irish do? is the question.

Let the Irish abroad assist such movement, and no other, in Ireland and in Britain as shall tend to move monopolists out of existence.

Let parliamentary hands be hired servants, and never paymasters, nor yet guides.

Let us have a good daily paper in Britain owned by the people, with a weekly edition for each group, to daily inform on all points, employ the best talent, urge a communion of all unions and be for its shareholders as an advertising medium equal to a Klondike gold mine.

Let us have action and not talk, and no foolish spending of sparse Celtic funds.

Let the '98 centenary be kept at thousands of Celtic centres.

H. M. KENNEDY,
Plumpton Vicarage, Cumberland.

I enclose a clipping of some further views recently published here in England from H. M. K.:

"The coming Irish centenary of '98 is causing Celts to think. My thoughts tend as follows:

1. There is both God and Devil, and each mysterious power helps, to opposite finals, those who help themselves, with a help proportioned to the human action.

2. The Celt prefers God for master, but the Devil has always in his pay cunning Irishmen who, before their own souls go to hell, spoil, betray and ruin many of God's Celtic servants and the ancient saintly country of the race.

3. The Saxon, with some sound exceptions, serves the Devil and saves his own brow-sweat for present, partial, bodily reward.

4. These individual characteristics also characterize the two races in their corporate capacity.

5. The Devil, as prompt paymaster, is the cause of the 'predominant partner' being now possessor of most of the Empire's wealth, and the land and wealth of other nations east and west of these central isles.

6. God, being the greater power, must always win at the finish, and will, even on earth's debatable ground, 'in the fulness of time,' completely hold sway.

7. The Celts, being in this conflict the most wronged, shall in God's providence be His chief avenging hand.

8. Similia similibus curantur, and therefore the locations, and growing influence of the increasing millions of expatriated Celts, must make it for them easier to fulfil the Master's prophecy—'With what measure ye mete, shall be the measurement back again.'

9. By the Celts the present talents must not be wasted or napkined, but well used in order to more effectually pray—'Even so, Lord, come quickly.'

10. United action, sensibly controlled, from Dublin as a centre, by a committee of complete control, elected by resident Irish, directing, paying and when necessary, dismissing Ireland's hired servants, is the first talent to be 'well used.'

11. Let gifted Celts become expert linguists, and climb for Ireland's benefit at all foreign courts; and Celts otherwise endowed, be ever on the watch and always preparing.

12. Give England's jailers no more chance, but let England's taxpayers fully know what is before them, and how hard is the bed they persist in making for themselves, when Irish feathers of many a flight, are in the baking.

There are other points, too—such as no wasting of resources in gaseous displays—in my mind, but twelve is a good round dozen, and the number is apostolic.

A WAR OF SAVAGERY.

Mr. F. H. O'Donnell writes to the Freeman's Journal: It may be useful to understand exactly the meaning of those frequent telegrams from the English forces on the Indian frontiers which announce that Gen. This's column is "punishing" the Swatis, or Gen. That's column is "punishing" the Mohmands. Is it operations against hillmen in arms? Is it battles or pursuits in which a resisting enemy is the object of British bravery? Let us remember that the first trouble arose about the operations of a so-called "punitive column," which fell into an ambuscade in the Tochi Valley. What are the methods of "punishment" employed by the Reformed Christian Englishman in dealing with Asiatic mountaineers guilty of loving their native hills like the countrymen of William Tell and the countrymen of Andrew Hofer? Why, simply that the warfare which an Attila or a Tamerlane waged against the wretched peasantry on the track of their destroying armies, the warfare of the banditti of the Thirty Years war, still represents the methods of England's Jubilee campaign.

The London journals do not publish the instructive details which might let us know why England is loved beyond the Indus, but there are many Anglo-Indian papers which are less squeamish about the matter. Let me take the Malakhand correspondence of that influential organ, The Englishman, of Calcutta. Here is how the chivalry of England promenades the torch through the villages of the frontier:

"On Thursday last Taana was burned, which loss will fall heavily on the Lower Swatis. * * * We have to demolish their houses and cut down their trees. To-day a number of villages in the Swat Valley have been burned, but there was not much found in any of them; flags and a few Korans, besides a few sheep and goats."

Gutting to the last stick and the last chicken the homes of the villagers, burning to the ground the shelters of the women and children, and driving them out roofless and starving on the naked hills: these are the methods for breaking the resistance of the warriors which are considered safer than daring the edge of the mountain sword.

The correspondent of The Englishman goes on to show that no object of loot is too humble, no robbery from individuals too barefaced or too shameless, for the soldiery of civilization:

"The Guides and the Lancers were out yesterday morning reconnoitering the Morah and Shapcot passes but found no signs of any tribal gathering. A small quantity of cattle, ponies and donkeys were brought in. * * * It is rumored that when Thana was burnt one lucky trooper found 250 rupees in the false bottom of a box, and that a comrade had already searched it before and had put it down, when the other with more astuteness, noticed that it weighed heavier than an empty box should do." I need not multiply quotations. The deeds thus complacently described by one of the Anglo-Indian organs, which are in no danger from press prosecutions, sufficiently indicate that the brigandage which in a French or German army would be punished by instant death forms the regular campaigning system of English troops in India.

Shunning as far as possible the fierce sword rush of the clansmen, shooting them down at the longest possible distance with quick-firing rifles and artillery, the English civilizers burn, uproot and level to the ground the means of food and shelter of the old, the unarmed, the women and the children. The red flag of Bible England advances through the blaze and smoke of burning villages, amid the famine shrieks of women and children whose last pittance of grain, whose last cup of milk has been spoliated and raided to make a jubilee triumph.

Will the professors of Trinity college, when they next embroider fancy sketches of Alva and the Inquisition, append some practical observations on the martial exploits of English Christianity at the close of the fourth century of English Reformation?

I would call special notice to the "cutting down the trees." Nothing more clearly exemplifies the utterly savage character of the English military operations. It is the hideous vandalism of the Elizabethan pirates in Ireland over again. "They make a desert and they call it peace."

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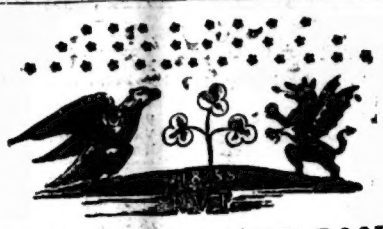
Significance of the Nose.

The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, for we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half of an individual human life the nose is capable of receiving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of nose, according to physiognomy, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the soubrette nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and cheerful naivete combined with an inconsiderate curiosity. Such a nose seldom is possessed by men, and when it is it denotes an individuality characterized by weakness and deficient sagacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material and sensual instincts, while a turned up nose, with wide nostrils, bespeaks a vain, puffed up disposition. Especially wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

Cork Legs Were Scarce.

One day in 1880 Senator Hampton was going on his crutches from the senate chamber to the house of representatives. In the middle of the big rotunda he met a very large man, also on crutches. He was a member of congress from Illinois, a Republican, whose name I cannot now recall. Hampton stopped him and kindly asked his name and how he had received his injury. After giving his name the congressman said amputation was necessary by reason of a shot he had received in a fight with Hampton's cavalry. He did not dream he was talking to Wade Hampton himself. "I am Wade Hampton," said the senator. "If you have the leisure, please sit down and let us talk." Hampton had lost his leg after the war, when thrown from a mule while deer hunting. The amputation was identical with that of the congressman, and they fell a-talking. Up to that time neither had found a cork leg he could wear, and they discussed cork legs for a great while. They parted, after mutual professions of esteem. The next morning I heard the congressman tell the story in the committee room, and there never was a man who had a higher regard for Wade Hampton than he had. I believe Hampton later found a leg he could wear.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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BRITISH MUSEUM 9 MY 98

First National Bank of Chicago

Statement
of Condition at Close of business December 15, 1897

Assets

Loans and Discounts		$20,094,324.49
Bank building		500,000.00
United States bonds (par value)		760,400.00
Other Bonds (market value)		1,419,553.56
Bond premiums		11,531.17
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (eastern ex)	$ 7,706,661.84	
Checks for clearing house	1,462,968.94	
Cash on hand	10,893,387.03	
Due from U. S. treasurer	29,250.00	
		$20,092,270.81
Total		$42,869,080.03

Liabilities

Capital stock, paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	246,176.16
Deposits	37,622,903.87
	$42,869,080.83

Officers.

SAM'L M. NICKERSON, President.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-President.
GEO. D. BOULTON, 2d Vice-President.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
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THE CHRISTMAS MORN.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Shining in the Christmas sky,
Sometimes meets the human eye,
While the church bells, sweet and slow,
Peal their joy out down below,
On the far horizon's hem
A hint of faroff Bethlehem.
'Tis one softly luminous star,
Like that the magi saw afar.

Bright holly and the mistletoe
Join us in the fireside glow,
And presents by the chimney side
Make lovely all the Christmastide.
Today the hurrying world must pause
The children look for Santa Claus,
While in the air the silver chimes
Recall the old Judæan times.

The ringing bells and tokens say
That in a stable, dim and gray,
The Light of All the World was born,
His bed a manger, rough, forlorn,
Where meek eyed oxen, with their hay
Stood in a trance almost of grace
Before the sweet Madonna face,
And, half in awe and half in prayer,
Seemed to suspect some god was there.

This world will never cease to know,
Though centuries come and centuries go,
The story of those ancient times,
The meaning of these Christmas chimes
Which come with their perennial grace
With blessing for the human race.
So what to us are ice and snow
And all the wintry blasts that blow
If on the sky's horizon hem
We see the star of Bethlehem?

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

The Social and Secular Significance of the Day.

The establishment of the Christmas festival, now the most joyous of the yearly holidays throughout the civilized world, is the most recent in date of the great church days. Its social and secular significance, of course, followed its religious adoption. Yet, curiously enough, it derived its rites of merry making not from Christianity so much as from the customs of the heathen world. The rulers of the early church, from Constantine down, were shrewd politicians. They knew how important it was to include as many as possible of the old pagan usages and beliefs to which the people of the Romar empire had been attached in the observances of the new faith.

Just why Dec 25 was selected as the natal day of the Saviour of the world nobody has ever been able to tell. Certainly there is no historic reason nor the slightest authentic clew, and it is well known that December is the rainy season in Judæa, when neither shepherds nor flocks brave the open sky. It is more than probable that the celebration of Christ's birth, which up to the fifth century had not been observed at all, got them to be recognized as not less worthy of holiday consecration than Easter and Whitsunday. It was a happy thought to make this as nearly identical as might be with the old Roman saturnalia, which still survived in some of its forms, and with the annual feast of Thor, observed among all the Teutonic races, even those which had accepted the white Christ. It was the more apposite, too, as the Roman festival and the Teutonic alike had symbolic reference to the great natural fact that the sun at or about that date rises out of the decadence of his power to augmenting heat and splendor. This was easily applicable to the first appearance of the Son of God and the Sun of the World among men.

So we see imported into the observance of the Christian holiday from the first on its social side the time honored heathen usages and ceremonies. The universal present giving of the saturnalia, especially to children, and the democratic equality which abolished distinction of rank at that period were at once followed by the Christian merrymakers. From the old Norse usages the day borrowed the customs of the huge bonfires, the Yule log of holy ash or oak to be burned indoors, the symbolism of the holly and mistletoe boughs, alike sacred to the deities, the great boar's head served as the piece de resistance of the Christmas feast and the general bacchanalianism of the occasion. The latter, however, was also typical of the old Roman festival. Santa Claus (St. Nicholas) came by and by into the rich symbolism of the Christmas show as the successor of Odin, the all father and all giver. The Scandinavian god on the occasion of the festivities of his eldest son, Thor, distributed universal gifts, the father of each family being his special agent in the matter. As Odin, or Woden, became in later myths the mighty huntsman who ranged the forests, we see how the Christmas tree and evergreens found their places. Why, however, the functions of Odin should have specially been finally transferred to St. Nicholas out of all the Christian canon roll, unless from the fact that this fine old saint was the special patron of children and schoolboys, it is not easy to divine. These things go to show what a curiously tangled composite our Christmas is and how lustily it has grown out of diverse elements till it has become the most significant and hallowed of holiday seasons, marking really an epoch of the year.

Among the causes which have enshrined this day so deeply in the heart of the world the fact that it is peculiarly children's day is probably the most fetching in its magic. The young people everywhere among Christian peoples constitute the factor which dominates the social observance of the season. Rich wassail at the dinner board, seraphic music and pomp of church service, even the giving of rich gifts among the elders, were these all, would leave Christmas but little different from other holidays, notably so in the case of Easter, when present giving among the rich has become so common. The Bambino, or infant Christ, as the idol of the occasion, would then have but little significance, but when the juvenile world declares that it rules the jubilee the keynote is struck which sends its thrilling music ringing throughout humanity. How Charles Dickens, the prose poet of Yuletide in fiction, has spun this pregnant fact into exquisite episodes is probably the highest measure of his success in imaginative work. The images he has created will live forever in the Christmas procession far more than puppets to the warm hearts of countless readers. And it is not among the children of the rich that Christmas most diffuses its felicity in real life any more than among the offspring of the great Christmas romancer.

It is among the poor and the lower middle classes that Christmas joy reigns with most potency. The trifle spent to secure a Christmas tree with its burden of cheap toys and sweets in the tenement house represents vastly more than the corresponding splendid show among the affluent. The story of the little cripple, "Tiny Tim," sets its canticle to more resounding strains of harp and cymbal than can ever attend the festival music of a palace. The true "Chrissom child" was found in the humble manger.

The feeling that Christmas day is peculiarly consecrated to the poor as well as to the children has always been quite characteristic of the usages of the day. The lowest classes in mediæval times were made to share fully with their superiors in feasting and merrymaking. At the present period we see an ever increasing benefaction in the way of helping the poor to enjoy Christmas more generously—the turkey or goose for the home table, toys and clothing for the youngsters, and public dinners, often supplemented by substantial presents for the homeless waifs. On this special occasion such philanthropy shows its most sweeping and liberal form, and the human heart is softened to the thought that in spite of earthly distinctions all men are equal before him whose natal day as man is thus observed. The democratic influence of Christmas thus stands out a great social factor.

When classes are driven by so many other influences to become hostile, it is a pregnant thought that more and more should be done to intensify the spirit and tendencies of the Christmas season as an object lesson in kindly sympathy between rich and poor. What wealth does for poverty is sometimes turned from blessing to bane by a haughty and patronizing air in the giver. The Christmas spirit is that of the fortunate man, who cordially helps his unlucky brother, the spirit of the good Samaritan. The habitual exercise of this feeling on one day when all tradition and religious sentiment turn toward it helps to extend it to other days, and that is the true function of Christ's natal festivity.

GEORGE T. FERRIS.

The Date of Christmas.

Christmas gets its name from the mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization being ordered by Pope Telesphorus. This must have been some time prior to the year 138, for in that year Pope Telesphorus died.—Philadelphia Times.

TREASURE TROVE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY S. BARING-GOULD.

The forest of Dartmoor is surrounded on every side by wide stretches of moorland that belong to the several contiguous parishes, and every householder in each of these parishes claims rights on the common of his parish, over which, moreover, the manorial lord asserts paramount authority and enforces it when he can. The duchy of Cornwall, however, to which the forest belongs, professes a sort of sovereignty over all these commons.

Now, there lived in the parish of South Tawton, in the curious old village of Zeal, where every house is an archæological curiosity and every householder is independent, a poor young man of the name of Josiah Day, commonly known as young Rainyday.

This nickname was acquired by him through his excessive caution.

Jos was not a lazy man, yet his exaggerated prudence led to much the same results as inertness.

He was working on the common, cutting up granite blocks, wherewith to construct a "new take" wall. While thus engaged Jos came on a pile of small stones.

He cleared away these as too small to serve his purpose and discovered beneath them a granite slab. This he levered aside, without much difficulty, and to his

HE PEERED CAUTIOUSLY ABOUT HIM.

surprise discovered a stone cist or coffin constructed of rude blocks. He crept in and was still further surprised when he found within a pot containing charred bones and ashes, and near it a cup of yellow metal and some rings and hoops, some weighing 6, others 10 and 15 ounces apiece.

He hastily scrambled forth, and as the setting sun gleamed out he examined his find by its light. He rubbed the cup and the rings on his sleeve and "By ginger!" said he. "I'm darned if it ain't all solid gold. Come, I'm in luck's way. This shall stand over against a rainy day."

Such was his first thought; the second was this: "If it be known that I have found a treasure, then I shall have the duchy putting its fist down on it, the lord of the manor demanding it, the crown exacting it, the parson holding out his hand for a tenth and every householder in the parish, as this is common land, clamoring for his share, and there be 143 have rights. There'll be naught left for me but the disappointment of having found and lost treasure."

Josiah stood turning over the gold cup and rings. Then he peered cautiously about him to make sure that he was unobserved.

Then the young man replaced the covering block, then heaped the small stones and earth over it and disguised the fact that the place had been disturbed.

He returned home very satisfied with himself and with his prospects. Now he could look forward without blinking to the inevitable rainy day. At present he had health, strength and youth, and with these he could earn his livelihood. "But, as Jos put it, "I can't reckon on these lasting. I knows several young chaps as has had colds settled on their chestesses and have died of a decline. And Tom Endicott, he dislocated his hip and now can't hobble up on to the moor after granite no more, and as to old age and decrepitude—there's no denying it, every day and hour and minute brings me nigher to it."

Accordingly Jos went on breaking up stone and inclosing, and instinctively he extended his "new take" wall in the direction of the cairn and stone chest that contained his treasure.

It must not be supposed that Jos was not tempted to realize, but fear of discovery and the consequent confiscation of the gold, above all, his prevailing dominant passion of caution against a future unprovided for, prevented his doing so.

On the verge of the moor lived a girl named Mary Aggett with her bedridden mother. She made a livelihood out of some poultry she kept, out of flint arrowheads, which by searching she found on the moor and which she disposed of to an archæologist. She also did some needlework.

Jos passed the cottage twice daily on his way out and on his way home, and very frequently he saw Mary at her door, and they never met without exchange of salutations. On one occasion when overtaken by a hailstorm he had been invited into the cottage and had been given a cup of tea that warmed his heart as if it had been peppermint and got into his head as if it had been whisky.

On leaving the cottage he said to himself: "I might go farther and fare worse. The old mother is well cared for, the house neat, the maid is pretty and bright and pleasant. But"—he shook his head—"it don't do to marry early, that means a family coming fast and nothing drags a man's head under water like a lot of babies clawing hold of it. If Polly Aggett had money, that would be another matter altogether. Then it might be worth consideration."

One day when they met on the moor the northeast blast was so cutting that they retired together under shelter of a rock to eat their lunch. Considering how cold the weather was Jos put his arm round Polly, and, having an overcoat, he threw one arm of it over her shoulder.

The ensuing night was one of sore temptation to Jos. He tossed on his bed. He could not sleep. He sallied very early from his house and went to the moor, resolved to raise his treasure, dispose of it, dare fortune and marry.

As he passed the cottage of Mary Aggett he did not see her. He was glad of this, lest she should have asked him why he went to his work two hours earlier than usual.

He proceeded to the cairn, removed the stones, heaved the covering slab aside, got into the chest and brought out the gold rings and cup. He furbished them up and they sparkled in the morning sun.

When all were ranged before him, he shook his head. "It would be madness to risk it," said he. "If I married Polly, women be them corkscrews, she'd have the whole story out of me, and they be that chatterboxes they can't help talking, and she'd blab about it to every one in the place. Then I'd have the crown, and the duchy, and the lord of the manor, and the parson, and the 143 commoners down on me demanding their shares. Be hanged if I'll risk it! Women is terrible dangerous animals with their tongues, never to be trusted." Then in went all the treasure again into the coffin that had contained and preserved it for 4,000 years.

"I know what I'll do," said Jos. "I'll build my new take wall right over this old grave and then no one can get at the treasure without pulling down the wall."

Little did Jos suspect that he was being watched, and that his every word was overheard by Polly herself, who was behind the rock hard by, where she had picked up flint chips and flakes.

Slowly, painfully Jos Day worked at his wall. He succeeded in carrying it over the cairn, and thus he secured his treasure from being disturbed, and thus was it made fast against the rainy day.

In the course of the next three months he had completed the inclosure and had taken from the common a tract of good land of five and twenty acres in extent.

"Now, then," said Jos to himself, "my way is to be as still as a mouse. The duchy won't know nothing about it. The lord of the manor lives far away, and his agent is a sleepy chap. If he squalls, then I'll claim rights under the duchy or as a commoner, and if the duchy squeaks I'll claim under the lord of the manor."

About this time Mary Aggett's mother died. Jos pitied her greatly, the cottage was so lonely for the girl. His heart grew soft when he saw her in black. "Bless me!" he said. "If I lived in that cottage, it would save me half my journey every day. But I won't risk it."

Shortly after this a great surprise came on him. One morning he found in his "new take" a flock of sheep all branded "M. A."

"Gracious bless us!" exclaimed Jos. "However came the sheep there? I'll run ask Polly. She may know. She must have seen some one drive 'em this way."

He went to the cottage and spoke in heat: "Mary, some owdacious radicals have been turning sheep into my new take during the night. They are all marked 'M. A.'"

"They are mine, Jos."

"Yours, Polly?"

"Yes. It was very kind and considerate of you, Jos, to inclose so many acres for me. I thank you with all my heart."

"Inclose for you! It is my new take!"

"There is some misunderstanding," answered the girl. "The new take is certainly mine. I have been to the lord of the manor and have bought it—25 acres at so much gold per acre. I have the papers all drawn out."

"Yours! Where did you get the money?"

That was a question Mary did not answer.

After much consideration Jos said falteringly: "This is a pretty go! How am I to be paid for the wailing?"

"I'm sure I can't think, Jos."

"But it has engaged me off and on for 18 months. Fifty pounds wouldn't repay my labor. I can't afford"—

"I really am sorry for you."

"By ginger!" exclaimed Jos. "There is only one way out of it that I can see, and that is by changing the brand on the sheep from A to D and by jumping together my wall and your land."

"Well, I'm not particular," answered Mary, and so the matter was settled.

They were married, and Jos found that he had secured not only a very capital bit of land, but with it a thrifty, witty and wise wife.

At the close of the first twelvemonth there were three in the house in the place of two. At the end of the second year the number had mounted to five, for the second addition to the family consisted in twins.

But the conscience of Jos was uneasy. Something stood between him and Polly. He had a secret from her, and that is ever a barrier to connubial unity. Christmas was approaching. Jos resolved to make a clean breast of it and tell Mary everything.

Christmas arrived, and Jos put off his Sunday coat and flowered "weskit," took his lever and went forth. "Polly," said he, "come along. I've a surprise for you."

He deliberately threw down a portion of his new take wall, discovered the lid of the stone chest, levered it aside and then jumped into the box. Next moment he rose out of it blank with despair, trembling with disappointment. His treasure was gone.

By the side of the cairn and overthrown wall stood his wife watching him with a smile on her cherry lips and a twinkle in her bright eyes. A toddling child clung to her skirts and she held one of the twins in each arm.

"Poll!" he gasped. "By gum, I'm a ruined man! I've lost everything. I've been robbed."

Then she laughed, and when she laughed the child holding her skirts laughed also, and the babes in her arms chuckled and crowed.

"No, Jos Rainyday," she said, "you have lost nothing, you have gained much.

"YOURS! WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY?"

I found your treasure and I disposed of it to the antiquarian gentleman who buys the arrowheads. With the money I bought the land, the sheep, the cows—and you."

Then Jos scrambled out of the grave and fell a laughing and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"By ginger!" said he. "Woman's wit outweighs man's wisdom. My true treasure trove is here"—he clapped his wife on the shoulder—"and it's one neither crown, nor duchy, nor lord of the manor nor parson, nor the 143 commoners have one particle of right over no more nor a pin's head, but is all—all and undivided my own. And by gum!"—he kissed Mary, then the child in each arm, then the child at her knee—"this treasure of mine is one bearing annual interest."

"And, Jos—an interest that will grow and make loving provision for you as for me, when comes the rainy day."

A PRECARIOUS PUSH.

THE HONEYMOON AND A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

A New Method of Hunting the Grizzly. Wintering in the Yosemite Valley—The Neglected Christmas Dinner—A Narrative of Fact.

BY F. A. OBER.

All our friends said we were foolish, and really I suppose we were—foolish in the first place to fall in love, foolish to get married, and, lastly, foolish to spend our honeymoon in the Yosemite.

Yes, they declared that to be the crowning act of all our foolish deeds, and they washed their hands and cleared their skirts of us entirely. But, bless them, we didn't care. Alicia and I had fallen in love with each other just because we couldn't help it, and we didn't want to either—that is, we didn't want to "help it." And we cared not a straw what our friends thought or did so long as they let us entirely alone.

And at the end of the week, when the others started for the return trip, we proved the integrity of our intentions by remaining behind. It was then late in September, and soon the guardian of the valley told us, the first snowflakes would fly and not long after the Yosemite would be closed entirely to the outside world.

"Yes, indeedy," he said, "there won't be nobody in here except now and then a logging team and whoever's left over. So I'd advise you two to get out mighty soon."

"But we don't want to get out," I exclaimed, and my wife nodded her head affirmatively. "We want to stay here all winter, all alone."

"Yes, and don't you know of some nice little cabin we can hire?" asked Alicia. "Any kind of a hut will do, so long as it can be made warm and comfortable. We want to stay all by ourselves."

"Sho! You don't say! Yes, I do know of one. It's that log cabin over the river. But it'll be awful lonesome, let me tell you. There won't be nobody but me within a mile and p'raps half a dozen fam lies scattered over the whole seven mile stretch of the valley."

"What! Do you mean that darling little log hut among the apple trees, with the tiny flower garden in front and the river flowing by?"

"That's the one. The man who built it has gone east, staid here one winter, and it was too lonely for him. If you reely want it, I can put you in possession at once."

"If we want it!" I exclaimed, ready to hug the old man on the spot. And I was almost afraid Alicia would hug him then and there, but she didn't, only her eyes shone, and she clapped her hands for joy.

"Why, we don't want anything else in this wide, wide world!" she exclaimed. "It will be perfect, just too heavenly for anything!"

"Well, guess you'll want a little something else," rejoined the dear old man, "some pervisions, for instance, fuel, and the like."

At this sudden descent to sublunary and substantial things our countenances fell.

We hadn't thought but that we could live on air perhaps or on ambrosial nectar. We looked at each other doubtfully.

The old man noted our disappointment and hastened to add: "Well, now, don't feel bad about it. I'll arrange for all that. Fact is, the cabin's supplied with 'pooty much everything except fresh meat—flour, meal, bedding, blankets, cooking things—and if you haven't got the money with you we'll trust you till spring opens for all you want."

"Oh, we've got money enough," I remarked. "I'll pay you any price you ask and feel forever indebted to you into the bargain." And I wrung the old man's hand so warmly that he turned aside with a suspicious moisture in his eyes and remarked under his breath and with a sigh: "Dear me! I was young myself once. It's nice to be young."

The hotel closed the very next day, but none too soon for us, as we were wild to get installed in our new quarters. The old guardian showed us where the provisions were stored, instructed us how to make a fire in the great fireplace and how to cook over the open hearth with the primitive utensils of our ancestors. There were two rooms in the hut, each about 14 feet square, one being for a bedroom and the other for kitchen, dining room and parlor. The great oak logs were well chinked with clay, the stout floor timbers neatly covered with pine boards, and a little square window in each room looked out over the broad and winding river. The frost had not yet touched the flowers in the garden, and soon the best of them were potted and indoors, where, with the ferns and the few pictures we had brought with us, they bore witness how a woman's dainty touch can evoke from bare walls a suggestion of home.

Finally winter closed in earnest. All the trails were filled with snow, the waterfalls converted into sheets of crystal and mounds of silver, the gaunt cliffs and

WINTER CABIN IN THE YOSEMITE.

great trees hung with fleecy draperies. Then we staid within doors almost entirely, except that I sallied out every day to cut wood for the insatiate fire place until a pile was heaped against the cabin almost as big as the hut itself. The time passed quickly enough, and Christmas day at last overtook us, finding us busy and happy but with a larder sorely depleted.

Alicia and I were out in the snow gathering holly and mistletoe for the decorating of the cabin when our friend, the old guardian, came along a mile in the hollow of his arm and a fat dog at his heels. "Bet a dollar you folks haven't a pound of fresh meat in the house," was his first remark after greetings were over, "and I've called to see if Mr. Alfred won't go with me on a little hunt."

"Yes, dear, do go," said my brave little wife, but her eyes were tear gathering, I noticed, as she took down the rifle from above the fireplace and placed it in my hands. "I'm not afraid to stay alone during the daytime, and then, you know, I've that pudding to make, which will keep me busy while you're gone."

So I kissed her and left her, and yet my heart misgave me as I turned around an hour later while climbing the trail up the cliffs and saw her still standing in the doorway, watching us wistfully. It is a stiff climb up to Glacier point, and by the time we had arrived at the forest covered plateau the exercise in the cool crisp air had started my blood coursing rapidly, and I was in fine spirits. My friend directed me to take the trail to the left, while he swung around to the right, promising to join me within three hours' time.

"Shoot whatever you see," was his final word at parting. "It won't be much anyhow, but remember we're out for meat!"

That was unfortunate advice, for not more than an hour later, coming suddenly upon a strange track in the forest and shortly after looking ahead and seeing a

THE GRIZZLY ON TABLE ROCK.

queer but immense gray creature shambling through the snow and being at a loss what to call it, I thought a well directed bullet might disclose its identity and so threw up my rifle and let drive.

My friends would have felt perfectly justified in calling me a fool could they have seen me make that foolish shot and have seen the big gray monster turn around and disclose to my astonished gaze the unmistakable head and hideous fangs of a grizzly bear! I had never seen one before, except in a cage, but there was no doubt whatever about this one. And he left me not long in doubt as to his intentions either when he wheeled about with a snarl and a growl and took the trail in my direction.

The blood was oozing from a wound in his flank, but that was nothing more than a flea bite to his bearship, though good excuse enough for revenge. I looked about me and saw to my horror that I was between him and the edge of the cliff, which at this point descends sheer 3,000 feet. Projecting over the edge of the precipice was an immense rock like the bowsprit of a ship and some 15 or 20 feet in length. It may look like an insane move that I made tracks for this perilous position, 3,000 feet above the valley floor, but there seemed nothing else to do unless I went straight toward the bear. I remember that I felt then that my time had come and wondered confusedly what Alicia would say and do when, perhaps days or weeks later, she should view my mangled remains at the foot of the great cliff. However, I ran for all I was worth, and, as I ran on, mechanically ejected the empty shell from my rifle and slipped in another cartridge. It was a six shooter, and I resolved if only for Alicia's sake not to die until I had given grizzly the full benefit of every shot. He was shuffling along clumsily, but relentlessly, and was close upon me as I slipped over the bank. If I had carried out my hastily conceived plan of going out on the protruding rock, I should not have lived to tell this story, but just as I reached its base I slid down into a crevice behind and a little to one side of it.

That unintentional move saved my life, for, seeing me go over, my pursuer rushed fiercely after and could not restrain his impetus until well out on the rock. It was extremely slippery, incased as it was in ice, with a sheet of snow atop, and he had hard work to keep his footing, and as he stood there, growling terribly and shifting his position uneasily, yet looking down and all around for me, a germ of hope came into my mind. I saw that it would not take much to send him crashing down upon the rocks at the foot of the cliff, and I trembled lest he should get off the rock before I had given him a little jolt. I could see him quite clearly, as he wasn't more than 20 feet away, and that instant also he saw me, wedged into the crevice back of him.

He tried to scramble about and reverse his position, but as he turned I drew a bead just behind his shoulder and sped a bullet there. His situation was precarious enough at the first, but now in his frantic struggles to turn about—and perhaps made giddy by the two wounds—he swayed considerably. Into the ice sheet and the snow he sent his crooked claws, making desperate efforts to regain his balance, but another ball crashed into his ear and that settled him. Over he went, clawing and fighting the empty air, whirling down, down, through space, until he was dashed with a terrible shock upon the rocks 3,000 feet below.

I dared not look over for fear I might share his fate, but after a prayer of thankfulness at my escape I slowly crawled to the brow of the precipice. The old man met me soon after and had to support me over a portion of the downward trail, I was so unnerved.

After a detour of several miles we finally reached the base of the cliff over which grizzly had fallen, and there we found him, a very much used up bear. His skin, however, was not so badly torn but it later served as a rug for our cabin floor, though it was long before Alicia could look upon it with composure.

The bear meat, the old guardian said, was tender and toothsome—probably from the pounding it got—but Alicia and could not bring ourselves to taste it. In fact, though our hearts sang with joy and we were thankful for our blessings, with the true Christmas spirit, yet we could not do justice to that Christmas dinner. Even the pudding, which the old man declared a conspicuous success, was neglected, for my little wife did nothing but shudder, and, throwing her arms around my neck, whisper, with her lips close to my ear, "Dearest, I shall never let you out of my sight again!"

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